

Hymn Tunes

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# HYMN TUNES,

BEING

Further Contributions

TO THE

## Hymnody of the Church;

BY

✓  
J. S. B. HODGES, S. T. D.,

RECTOR OF ST. PAUL'S PARISH, BALTIMORE, M D.

REVISED EDITION.

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J. S. B. HODGES, S. T. D.

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BOSTON, U. S. A.

## PREFACE.

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The following tunes were written, not for a collection, but from time to time, during the past thirty-five years, as occasion seemed to arise. Thirty years ago the Church Hymnal was a very different thing from that now in use. It consisted of some one hundred and twenty-four "Selections" (from Tate and Brady,) or as Selection Ninety-seven was cut up into twenty-two parts, the number was virtually one hundred and forty-five; and two hundred and twelve Hymns; in all three hundred and fifty-seven hymns. The great bulk of these were either Common, Long, or Short Metre hymns; and the greater number of tunes in use had necessarily to be confined to these Metres. They may be considered as the old church Metres. As an index of what tunes were then in use in the Church, the "Tune Book" put out in 1859 by a Committee appointed by the House of Bishops, contained one hundred and sixty-nine Tunes all told, of which fifty-one were C. M.; forty, L. M.; nineteen, S. M.; and twenty were 7s, or 8, 7s, leaving thirty-nine tunes only for all other Metres.

Since 1860 the character of the hymns authorized and used in the Church has greatly changed. Devout servants of God have been moved to write hymns and spiritual songs, by no means confining themselves to these old metres; hymns which have won a place amongst those in use throughout the Church wherever the English tongue is known. These hymns came not altogether, but one by one, as gifted men were moved. As they came, and were found to be useful in the public worship of the church, appropriate music was required, and so there has grown up within the past quarter of a century a number of hymn tune writers who have done what they felt moved to do to supply this want; Dykes and Smart and Hopkins and Stainer and Barnby and others. To-day the best known, and the most generally sung, and the all but universally favorite hymns in use in our Church, are the new hymns, set to the new music.

It may seem presumptuous to call attention to such names in connection with the offering to the Church of the tunes contained in this little book. The only point intended to be made is this, that as these hymns from time to time came under the notice of the present writer, and not always accompanied with music suitable in itself, or suited to the capacity of the choirs under his care, he has been moved to do what he could in the way of translating devout words into devout music; and these hymn tunes are now offered to the Church for such use as they may be fitted for. As with the words of hymns, so with the music, natural selection determines much. The fittest are those that survive, and this little collection is only "a further contribution to the hymnody of the church," thrown out in the hope that possibly one here and one there of the tunes may be found

## PREFACE.

worthy of survival, and be an aid in the devotions of the congregation. They are by no means all of them new, some having been written many years ago, and having found their way into print, and into use in some few churches. The greater part, however, appear for the first time in print.

A word in regard to the manner of singing hymn tunes, thrown out also, for what it is worth, to Choir masters and Organists. There is one point which those having charge of our choirs do not seem always to understand, or else fail to carry out. Apart from the different time in which hymns should be sung, and the kind of spirit to be thrown into them, our hymns (and tunes) would seem naturally to divide themselves into two general classes. The one is that of the old *Chorale*; e. g., Old Hundred, Luther's Hymn, St. Ann's, Tallis' Canon, etc. In these hymns, as a general rule, each line of the words is a distinct phrase, ending on an accented syllable, and not running on quickly into the following line, and each line of the music is even more distinctly a separate phrase, complete in itself both in harmony and in rhythm. Consequently all such tunes may, and should, be sung so as to bring out this feature. Each line should be brought out emphatically, with a solemn dignity and fulness; and a pause made upon the last note, not after it, but by a full sustaining of the note to about double its natural time. To dwell longer than this is unnecessary, and would soon become tedious, and mar the proper effect. Now it is not difficult to know what hymns fall into this class and require this treatment. Most C. M., L. M. and S. M. hymns are such; and generally \* such as end each line with an accented syllable.

The other class consists of hymns of the more modern school, in which the rhythm seems to flow on naturally from one line to another, generally in pairs; so that a pause, or dwelling upon a final note would be out of place except at the end of each second line. As a type of this class take "The Church's One Foundation," or "Jerusalem the Golden." It will be seen at once that both words and music seem to call for a steady movement until the close of the second line is reached. But at the end of these second lines you will find the music has a long note, generally a dotted semibreve equal to three of the ordinary notes of the line; *and this is long enough*, and should not be exceeded, as too often is done; the tendency in choir organists being to shorten short notes, and lengthen long notes.

It is suggested, therefore, that as a general rule, in Hymns of the *Chorale* class each line should be closed with a (not too great) prolonging and swelling out of the last note; while Hymns not belonging to this class should be sung through in fairly strict time; not rigidly exact, and without expression; but without unnecessary breaking of the rhythm.

In the hope that some things in this book may prove useful and edifying in the musical worship of the Church, it is sent forth to struggle for the existence of its fittest parts.

BALTIMORE, MD., *Lent*, 1891.

J. S. B. HODGES.

\* "Generally," because there will be exceptions; as for example in the verse

"The Lord shall come, and He will not

Keep silence, but speak out."

But the rule will generally hold good.



# No. 1. Come, my Soul, Thou must be Waking.

Hymn No. 3.

8, 4, 7, 8, 4, 7.

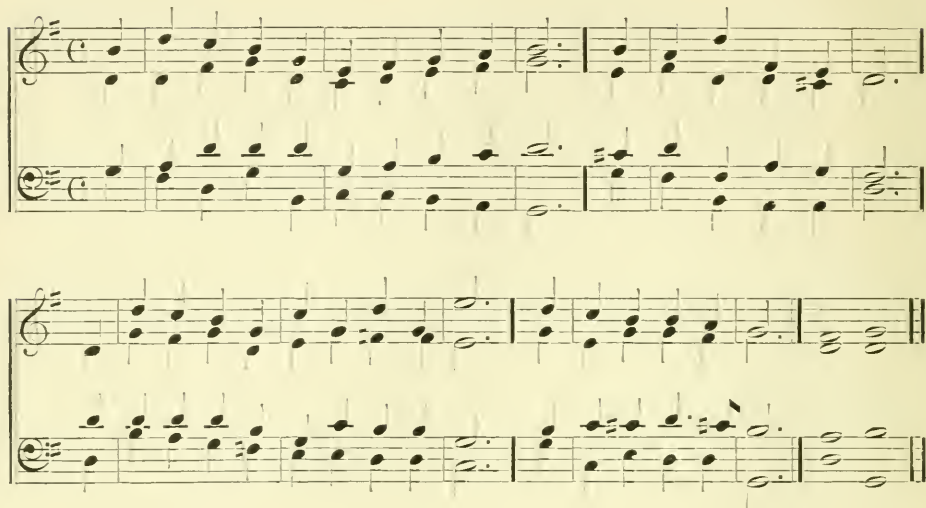


- |   |  |  |  |
|---|--|--|--|
| 1 | Come, my soul, thou must be waking,<br>Now is breaking<br>O'er the earth another day:<br>Come to Him Who made this splendour,<br>See thou render<br>All thy feeble strength can pay. | He the hidden shame glossed over<br>Can discover,<br>And discern each deed of sin. |  |
| 2 | Pray that He may prosper ever<br>Each endeavour,<br>When thine aim is good and true;<br>But that He may ever thwart thee,<br>And convert thee,<br>When thou evil wouldst pursue.     | 4  | Mayest thou on life's last morrow,<br>Free from sorrow,<br>Pass away in slumber sweet;<br>And, released from death's dark sadness,<br>Rise in gladness,<br>That far brighter Sun to greet. |
| 3 | Think that He thy ways beholdeth,<br>He unfoldeth<br>Every fault that lurks within;  | 5  | Only God's free gifts abuse not,<br>Light refuse not,<br>But His Spirit's voice obey;<br>Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding<br>Light unfolding<br>All things in unclouded day. AMEN.     |

## No. 2. O Brightness of the Immortal Father's Face.

Hymn No. 6.

10, 6, 10, 6.

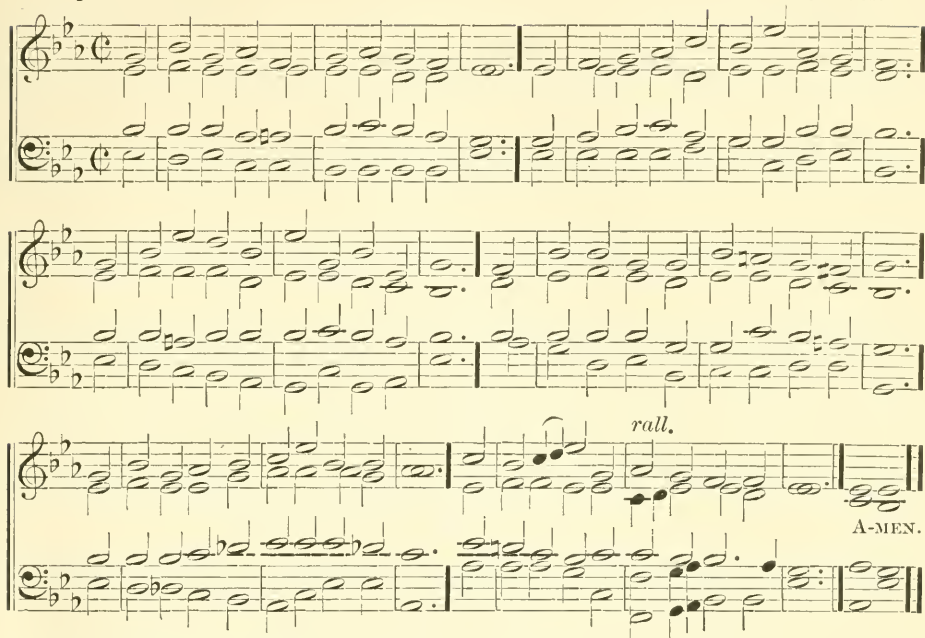


- 1 O Brightness of the Immortal Father's face,  
Most holy, heavenly, blest,  
Lord Jesus Christ, in Whom His truth and grace  
Are visibly expressed;
- 2 The sun is sinking now, and one by one  
The lamps of evening shine:  
We hymn the Eternal Father, and the Son,  
And Holy Ghost divine.
- 3 Worthy art Thou at all times to receive  
Our hallowed praises, Lord:  
O Son of God, be Thou, in Whom we live,  
Through all the world adored. AMEN.

# No. 3. The Day is Gently Sinking to a Close.

Hymn No. 7.

SIX 10s.



1 The day is gently sinking to a close,  
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight  
glows:

O Brightness of Thy Father's glory, Thou  
Eternal Light of light, be with us now:  
Where Thou art present darkness cannot be:  
Midnight is glorious noon, O Lord, with  
Thee.

2 Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,  
Onward to darkness and to death we tend:  
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our  
guide,

Be Thou our light in death's dark eventide;  
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,  
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

3 Thou, Who in darkness walking didst  
appear

Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,  
Come, Lord, in lonesome days, when storms  
assail,

And earthly hopes and human succours fail:  
When all is dark may we behold Thee nigh,  
And hear Thy voice—"Fear not, for it is I."

4 The weary world is mouldering to decay,  
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;  
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,  
May we arise awaken'd by Thy call,  
With Thee, O Lord, for ever to abide  
In that blest day which has no eventide.

## No. 4.

## The Sun is Sinking Fast.

Hymn No. 10.

6, 4, 6, 6.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 The sun is sinking fast,<br/>The daylight dies;<br/>Let love awake, and pay<br/>Her evening sacrifice.</p> <p>2 As Christ upon the cross<br/>His Head inclined,<br/>And to His Father's hands<br/>His parting soul resigned;</p> <p>3 So now herself my soul<br/>Would wholly give<br/>Into His sacred charge,<br/>In Whom all spirits live;</p> | <p>4 So now beneath His eye<br/>Would calmly rest,<br/>Without a wish or thought<br/>Abiding in the breast;</p> <p>5 Save that His will be done,<br/>Whate'er betide;<br/>Dead to herself, and dead<br/>In Him to all beside.</p> <p>6 Thus would I live: yet now<br/>Not I, but He<br/>In all His power and love<br/>Henceforth alive in me.</p> |
|---|---|
- 7 One Sacred Trinity,  
One Lord Divine,  
May I be ever His,  
And He forever mine. AMEN.

# No. 5. Abide with Me, fast falls the Eventide.

Hymn No. 12.

10s.

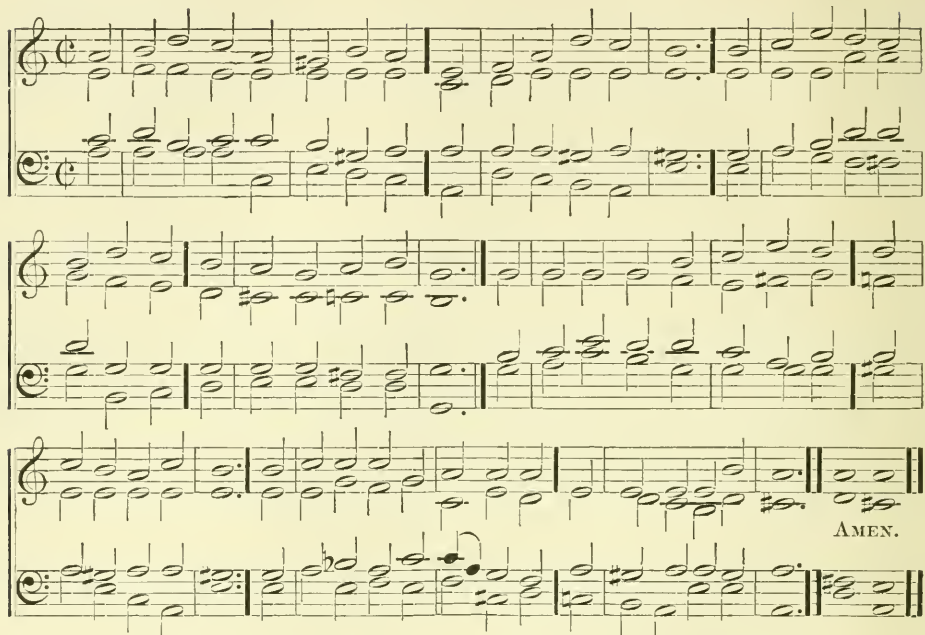


- 1 Abide with me: fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide:  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away.  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless:  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. AMEN.

# No. 6. The Shadows of the Evening Hours.

Hymn No. 15.

C. M. D.



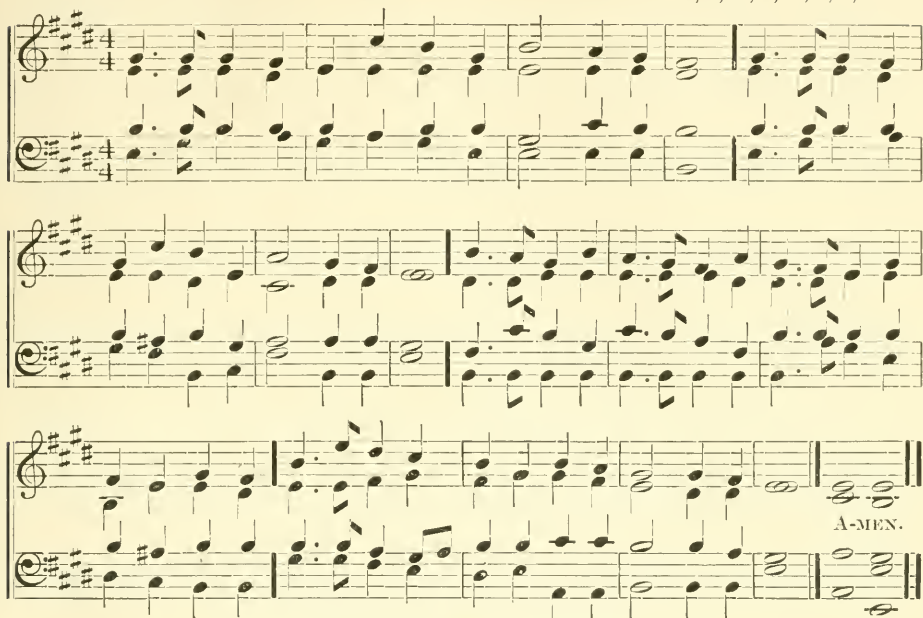
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|--|--|
| <p>1 The shadows of the evening hours<br/>Fall from the darkening sky,<br/>Upon the fragrance of the flowers<br/>The dews of evening lie ;</p> <p>2 Before Thy throne, O Lord of heaven,<br/>We kneel at close of day ;<br/>Look on Thy children from on high,<br/>And hear us while we pray.</p> <p>3 The sorrows of Thy servants, Lord,<br/>O do not Thou despise,<br/>But let the incense of our prayers<br/>Before Thy mercy rise ;</p> <p>4 The brightness of the coming night<br/>Upon the darkness rolls ;<br/>With hopes of future glory chase<br/>The shadows on our souls.</p> | <p>5 Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;<br/>So fade within our heart<br/>The hopes in earthly love and joy,<br/>That one by one depart ;</p> <p>6 Slowly the bright stars, one by one ;<br/>Within the heavens shine :—<br/>Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,<br/>And trust in things divine.</p> <p>7 Let peace, O Lord ! Thy peace, O God !<br/>Upon our souls descend,<br/>From midnight fears and perils, Thou<br/>Our trembling hearts defend :</p> <p>8 Give us a respite from our toil,<br/>Calm and subdue our woes ;<br/>Through the long day we labour, Lord,<br/>O give us now repose !</p> |
|--|--|



# No. 7. God that Madest Earth and Heaven.

Hymn No. 19.

8, 4, 8, 4, 8, 8, 8, 4.

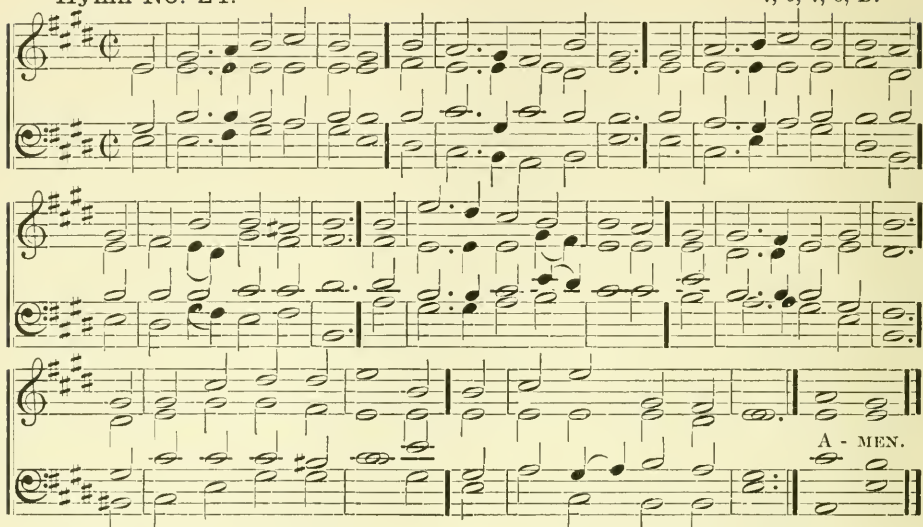


- 1 God, that madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light;  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night:  
May Thine angel-guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night.
- 2 Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,  
And, when we die,  
May we in Thy mighty keeping,  
All peaceful lie:  
When the last dread trump shall wake us,  
Do not Thou, our Lord, forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us  
With Thee on high. AMEN.

# No. 8. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Hymn No. 24.

7, 6, 7, 6, D.



- 1 O Day of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright;  
On thee, the high and lowly,  
Through ages join'd in tune,  
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,  
To the great God Triune.
- 2 On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee, for our salvation,  
Christ rose from depths of earth;  
On thee, our Lord victorious,  
The Spirit sent from heaven,  
And thus on thee, most glorious,  
A triple light was given.
- 3 Thou art a port protected  
From storms that round us rise;  
A garden intersected  
With streams of Paradise;

- Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry, dreary sand;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land.
- 4 To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls,  
Where Gospel light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.
- 5 New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the rest remaining,  
To spirits of the blest;  
To Holy Ghost be praises,  
To Father, and to Son,  
The Church her voice upraises  
To Thee, Blest Three in One. AMEN.



# No. 9. Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name.

Hymn No. 32.

10s.



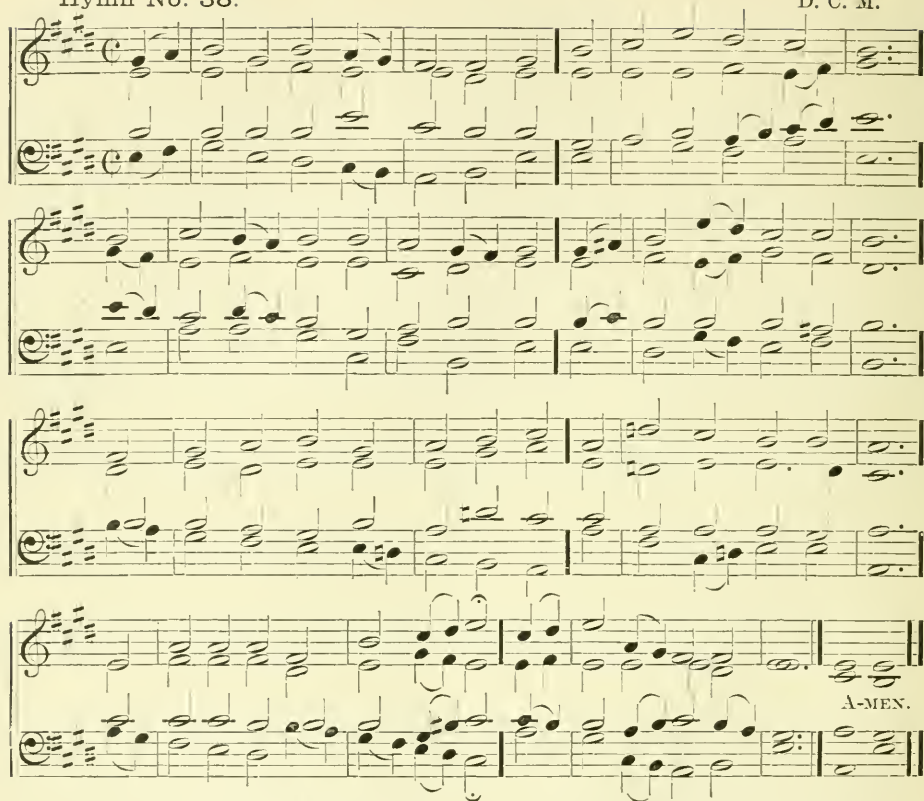
- 1 Saviour, again to Thy dear Name we raise  
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;  
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,  
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.
- 2 Grant us Thy peace through this approaching night,  
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.
- 3 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.
- 4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace. AMEN.

## No. 10.

## Once more, O Lord.

Hymn No. 38.

D. C. M.



1 Once more, O Lord, Thy sign shall be  
 Upon the heavens displayed,  
 And earth and its inhabitants  
 Be terribly afraid :

For, not in weakness clad, thou com'st,  
 Our woes, our sins to bear,  
 But girt with all Thy Father's might,  
 His judgment to declare.

2 The terrors of that awful day,  
 Oh, who can understand ?  
 Or who abide, when Thou in wrath  
 Shalt lift Thy holy hand ?

The earth shall quake, the sea shall roar,  
 The sun in heaven grow pale ;  
 But Thou hast sworn, and wilt not change,  
 Thy faithful shall not fail.

3 Then grant us, Saviour, so to pass  
 Our time in trembling here,  
 That when upon the clouds of heaven  
 Thy glory shall appear,  
 Uplifting high our joyful heads,  
 In triumph we may rise,  
 And enter, with Thine angel train,  
 Thy palace in the skies.

# No. 11. Hark! a Thrilling Voice is Sounding.

Hymn No. 41.

8.7.8.7.



- 1 Hark ! a thrilling voice is sounding;  
    " Christ is nigh," it seems to say;  
    " Cast away the works of darkness,  
    O ye children of the day !"
- 2 Wakened by the solemn warning,  
    Let the earth-bound soul arise;  
    Christ, her Sun, all sloth dispelling,  
    Shines upon the morning skies.
- 3 Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,  
    Comes with pardon down from heaven;  
    Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,  
    One and all to be forgiven;
- 4 So when next He comes with glory,  
    Wrapping all the world in fear,  
    May He with His mercy shield us,  
    And with words of love draw near.

# No. 12. Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.

Hymn No. 51.

7s.



1 Hark! the herald angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King;  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled!

4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;  
Hail the incarnate Deity,  
Pleased as Man with man to dwell;  
Jesus, our Emmanuel!

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies,  
With the angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

5 Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored;  
Christ, the everlasting Lord;  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of the Virgin's womb.

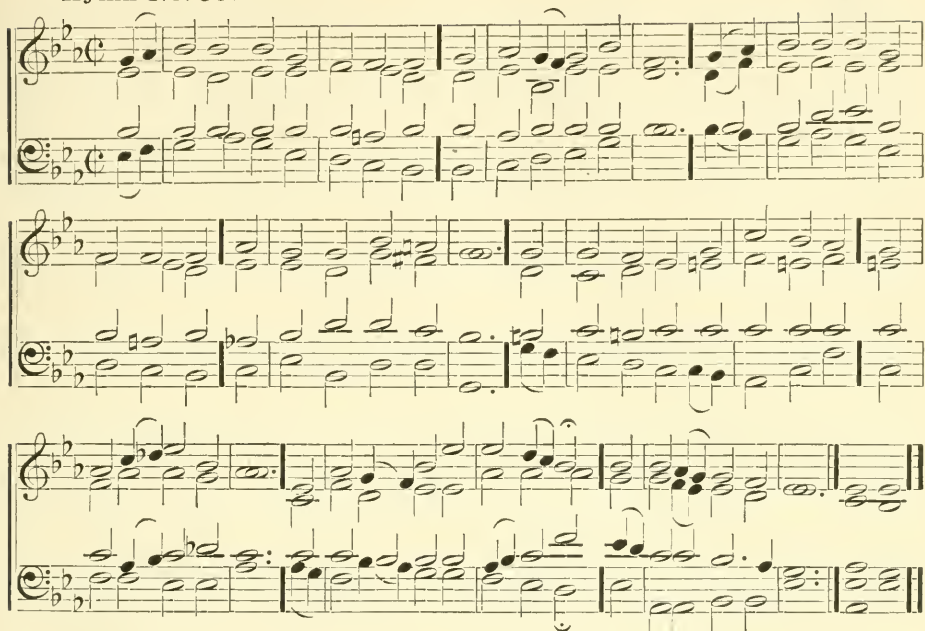
6 Risen with healing in His wings,  
Light and life to all He brings.  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!

AMEN.

# No. 13. It Came Upon the Midnight Clear.

Hymn No. 59.

C. M. D.

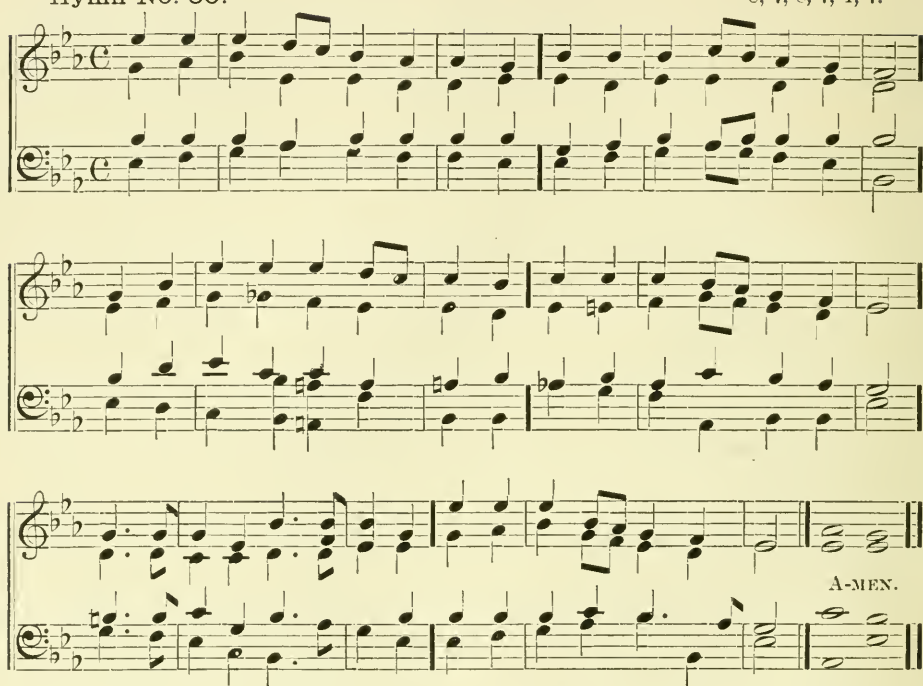


- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 It came upon the midnight clear,<br/>That glorious song of old,<br/>From angels bending near the earth,<br/>To touch their harps of gold;<br/>Peace on the earth, good-will to men,<br/>From heaven's all-gracious King;<br/>The world in solemn stillness lay<br/>To hear the angels sing.</p> | <p>3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,<br/>Whose forms are bending low,<br/>Who toil along the climbing way<br/>With painful steps and slow!<br/>Look now, for glad and golden hours<br/>Come swiftly on the wing:<br/>Oh, rest beside the weary road,<br/>And hear the angels sing.</p>                  |
| <p>2 Still through the cloven skies they come<br/>With peaceful wings unfur'd;<br/>And still their heavenly music floats<br/>O'er all the weary world:<br/>Above its sad and lowly plains<br/>They bend on hovering wing,<br/>And ever o'er its Babel sounds<br/>The blessed angels sing.</p>        | <p>4 For lo, the days are hastening on,<br/>By prophets seen of old,<br/>When with the ever-circling years,<br/>Shall come the time foretold,<br/>When the new heaven and earth shall own<br/>The Prince of Peace their King,<br/>And the whole world send back the song<br/>Which now the angels sing.</p> |

# No. 14. Angels from the Realms of Glory.

Hymn No. 60.

8, 7, 8, 7, 4, 7.



1 Angels, from the realms of glory,  
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
Ye who sang creation's story,  
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:

||: Come and worship,:||

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds in the field abiding,  
Watching o'er your flocks by night;  
God with man is now residing,  
Yonder shines the infant-light:

||: Come and worship,:||

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;  
Brighter visions beam afar:  
Seek the great Desire of nations,  
Ye have seen His natal star:

||: Come and worship,:||

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Saints before the altar bending,  
Watching long in hope and fear,  
Suddenly the Lord, descending,  
In His temple shall appear:

||: Come and worship,:||

Worship Christ, the new-born King.

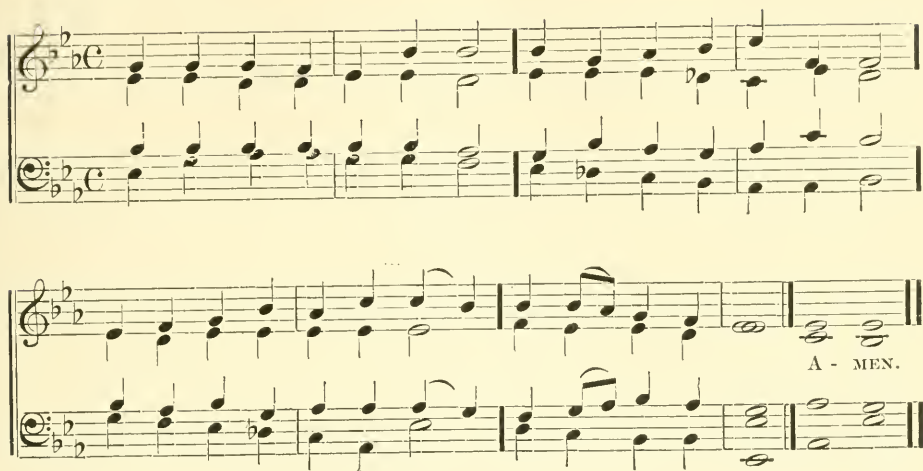
A-MEN.



# No. 15. Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost.

Hymn No. 76.

7, 7, 7, 5.



1 Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost,  
Taught by Thee we covet most  
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost  
Holy, heavenly Love.

4 Faith will vanish into sight;  
Hope be emptied in delight;  
Love in heaven will shine more bright;  
Therefore, give us Love.

2 Love is kind, and suffers long,  
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,  
Love than death itself more strong;  
Therefore, give us Love.

5 Faith and Hope and Love we see  
Joining hand in hand agree;  
But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is Love.

3 Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day;  
Love will ever with us stay;  
Therefore, give us Love.

6 From the overshadowing  
Of thy gold and silver wing,  
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,  
Holy, heavenly Love. AMEN.

# No. 16. Lord, in this Thy Mercy's Day.

Hymn No. 88.

7s.



1 Lord, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere the time shall pass away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere that day of doom appears.

3 Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,  
Kneeling lowly at Thy door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,

5 By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

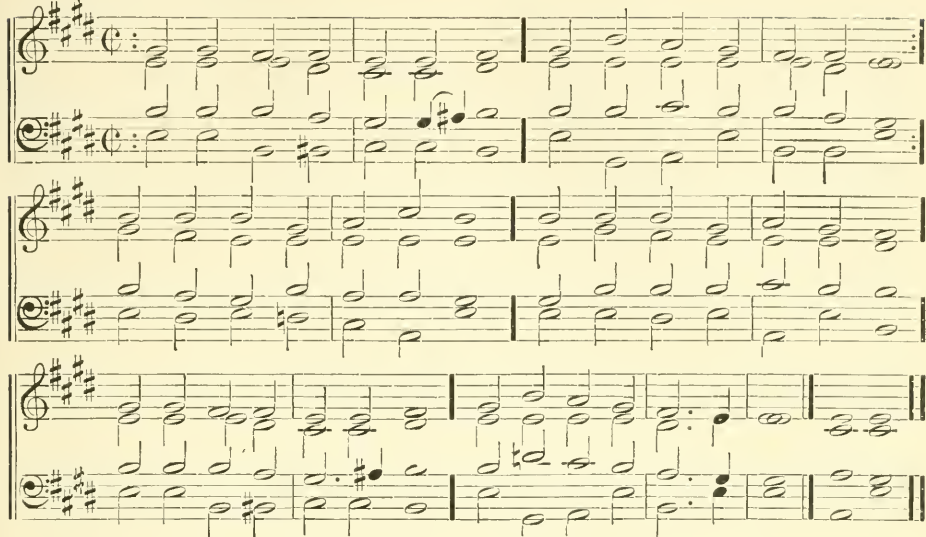
6 Judge and Saviour of our race,  
Grant us when we see Thy face,  
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

7 On Thy love we rest alone,  
And that love shall then be known  
By the pardoned round Thy throne.



# No. 17. Saviour, when in Dust to Thee.

Hymn No. 89.



- 1 Saviour! when in dust to Thee  
Low we bow the adoring knee,  
When, repentant to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes,  
Oh! by all Thy pains and woe  
Suffered once for man below;  
Bending from Thy throne on high,  
Hear our solemn litany!
- 2 By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of want and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness,  
By the dread permitted hour  
Of the mighty tempter's power:  
Turn, oh turn a favoring eye,  
Hear our solemn litany!
- 3 By the sacred grief that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode;

- By the anguished sigh that told  
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;  
From Thy seat above the sky,  
Hear our solemn litany!
- 4 By the burthen Thou didst bear,  
By Thine agony of prayer,  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and torturing scorn;  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;  
Listen to our humble cry,  
Hear our solemn litany!
- 5 By Thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sealed sepulchral stone;  
By the vault, whose dark abode  
Held in vain the rising God:  
Oh! from earth to heaven restored,  
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,  
Listen, listen to the cry  
Of our solemn litany. AMEN.

## No. 18.

## Behold the Lamb of God.

Hymn No. 96.

G. G. G. 4. 8. 8. 4.

*mf* *f* *p* *mf* *p*

A - MEN.

1 Behold the Lamb of God!  
 O Thou for sinners slain,  
 Let it not be in vain  
     That Thou hast died:  
 Thee for my Saviour let me take,  
 My only refuge let me make  
     Thy piercéd side.

2 Behold the Lamb of God!  
 Into the sacred flood  
 Of Thy most precious blood  
     My soul I cast:  
 Wash me and make me clean within,  
 And keep me pure from every sin,  
     Till life be passed.

This tune was written by request, especially for the third verse, as a Eucharistic Hymn.

3 Behold the Lamb of God!  
 All hail, incarnate Word,  
 Thou everlasting Lord,  
     Saviour most blest:  
 Fill us with love that never faints,  
 Grant us with all Thy blesséd saints,  
     Eternal rest.

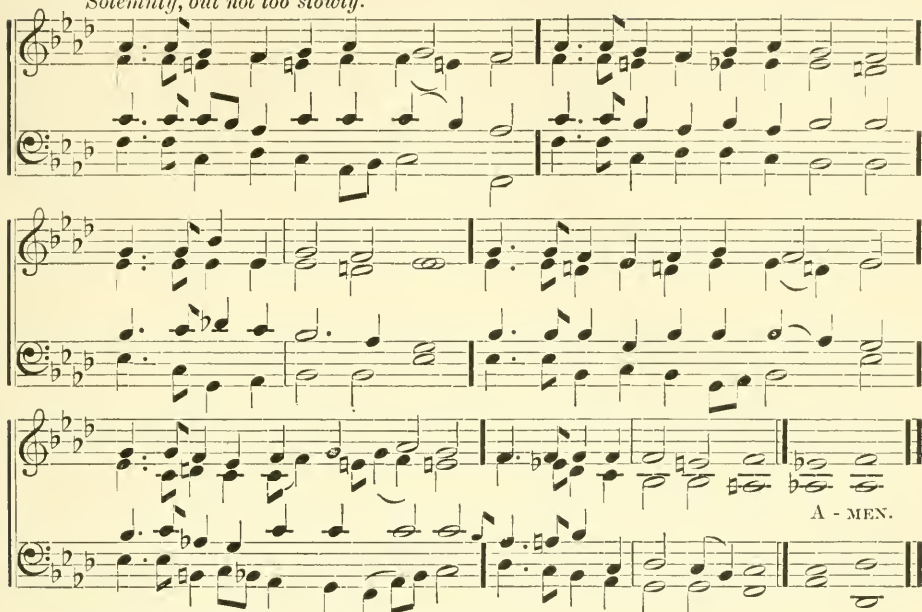
4 Behold the Lamb of God!  
 Worthy is He alone,  
 That sitteth on the throne  
     Of God above;  
 One with the Ancient of all days,  
 One with the Comforter in praise,  
     All Light and Love.

# No. 19. At the Cross Her Station Keeping.

Hymn No. 103.

8, 8, 7, 8, 8, 7.

*Solemnly, but not too slowly.*



All but the third and sixth lines to be sung in unison.

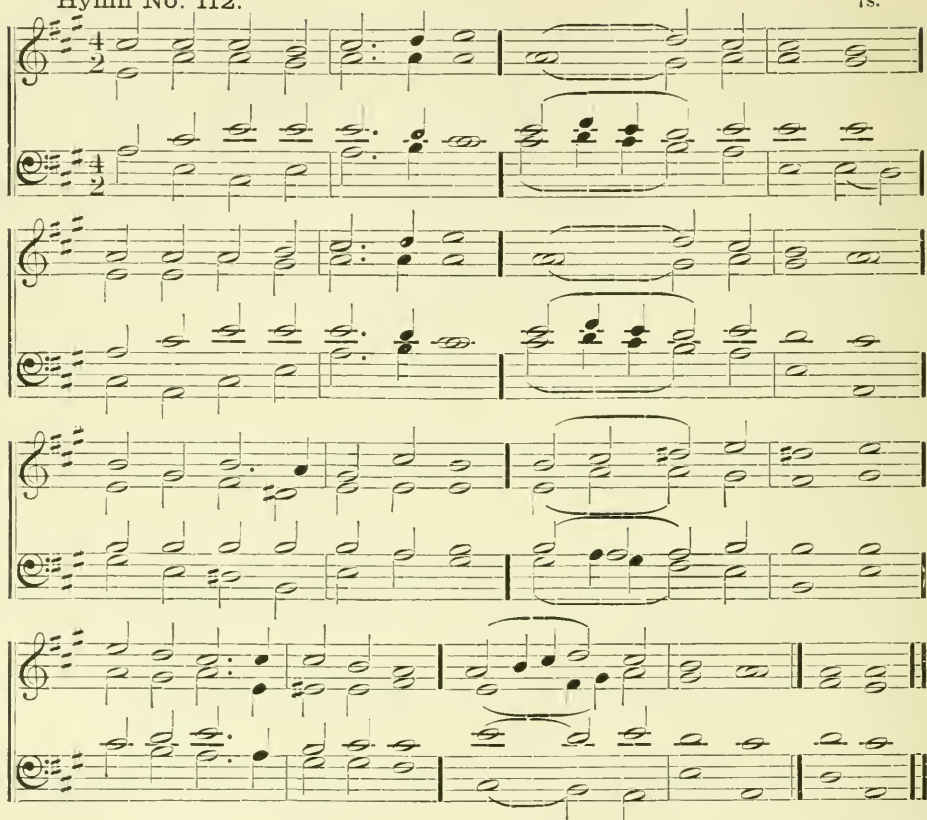
- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 At the Cross her station keeping<br/>         Stood the mournful Mother weeping,<br/>         Where He hung, the dying Lord;<br/>         For her soul of joy bereavéd,<br/>         Bowed with anguish, deeply grievéd,<br/>         Felt the sharp and piercing sword.</p> <p>2 Oh, how sad and sore distressed,<br/>         Now was she, that Mother blesséd<br/>         Of the sole-begotten One;<br/>         Deep the woe of her affliction<br/>         When she saw the Crucifixion<br/>         Of her ever-glorious Son.</p> <p>3 Who, on Christ's dear Mother gazing,<br/>         Pierced by anguish so amazing,<br/>         Born of woman, would not weep?<br/>         Who, on Christ's dear Mother thinking (23)</p> | <p>Such a cup of sorrow drinking,<br/>         Would not share her sorrows deep?</p> <p>4 For His people's sins chatiséd,<br/>         She beheld her Son despiséd,<br/>         Scourged, and crowned with thorns<br/>         entwined;<br/>         Saw Him then from judgment taken,<br/>         And in death by all forsaken,<br/>         Till His Spirit He resigned.</p> <p>5 Jesu, may her deep devotion<br/>         Stir in me the same emotion,<br/>         Fount of Love, Redeemer kind,<br/>         That my heart, fresh ardour gaining,<br/>         And a purer love attaining,<br/>         May with Thee acceptance find.</p> |
|---|--|

AMEN.

# No. 20. Jesus Christ Is Risen To-Day.

Hymn No. 112.

7s.



1 JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,  
Our triumphant holy day,  
Who did once upon the cross  
Suffer to redeem our loss.

Alleluia!

2 Hymns of praise then let us sing  
Unto Christ, our heavenly King,  
Who endured the cross and grave,  
Sinners to redeem and save.

Alleluia!

3 But the pains which He endured  
Our salvation have procured;  
Now above the sky He's King,  
Where the angels ever sing,

Alleluia!

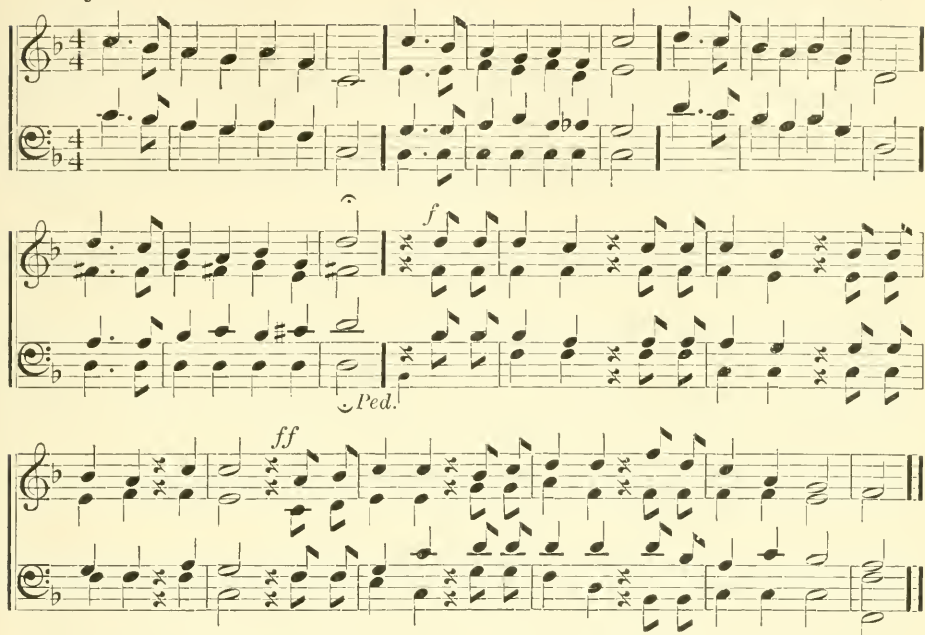
4 Sing we to our God above  
Praise eternal as His love;  
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,  
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia! AMEN.

# No. 21. Christ the Lord is Risen Again.

Hymn No. 114.

7s with Alleluia.



1 Christ the Lord is risen again;  
Christ hath broken every chain;  
Hark, angelic voices cry,  
Singing evermore on high  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

2 He Who gave for us His life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;  
We too sing for joy, and say,  
Alleluia! etc.

3 He Who bore all pain and loss  
Comfortless upon the Cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us and hears our cry;  
Alleluia! etc.

4 He Who slumbered in the grave  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings.  
Alleluia! etc.

5 Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we too may enter heaven.  
Alleluia! etc.

6 Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
Let us sing by night and day  
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

# No. 22. Jesus Lives! Thy Terrors Now.

Hymn No. 122.

7. 8. 7. 8.



- 1 Jesus lives: thy terrors now  
Can no longer, Death, appall us;  
Jesus lives: by this we know  
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us. Alleluia!
- 2 Jesus lives: henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal;  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal. Alleluia!
- 3 Jesus lives: for us He died:  
Then, alone to Jesus living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our Saviour giving. Alleluia!
- 4 Jesus lives: our hearts know well  
Nought from us His love shall sever;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever. Alleluia!
- 5 Jesus lives: to Him the throne  
Over all the world is given;  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven! Alleluia!



# No. 23. We Give Immortal Praise.

Hymn No. 141.

G. G. G. G. S. S.



1 We give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all our comforts here,  
And all our hopes above:  
He sent His own Eternal Son  
To die for sins that man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who saved us by His blood  
From everlasting woe:  
And now He lives, and now He reigns,  
And sees the fruit of all His pains.

3 To God the Spirit praise  
And endless worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live:  
His work completes the great design,  
And fills the soul with joy divine.

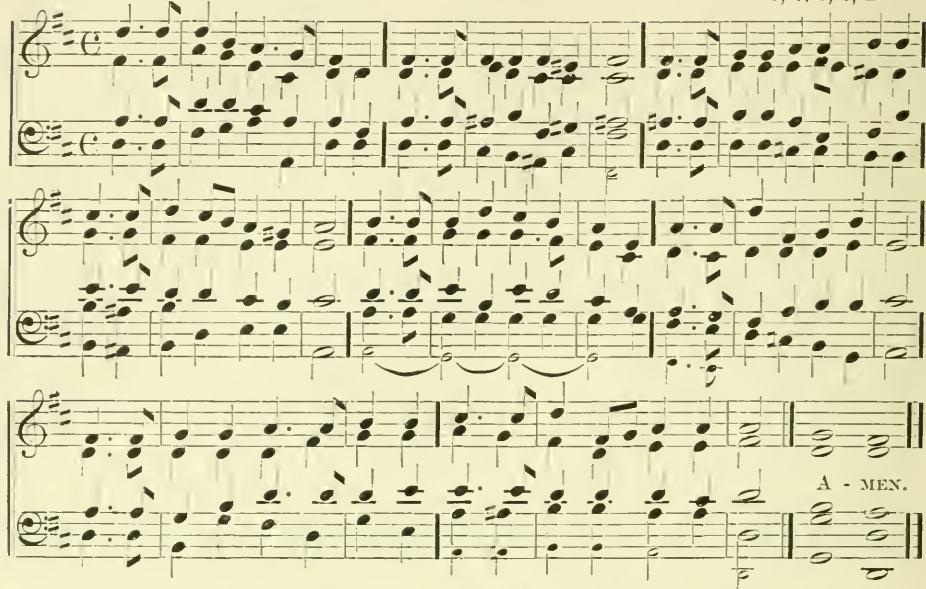
4 Almighty God, to Thee  
Be endless honours done;  
The Sacred Persons Three,  
The Godhead only One;  
Where reason fails with all her powers,  
There faith prevails, and love adores.

AMEN

# No. 24. Hark! the Sound of Holy Voices.

Hymn No. 179.

8, 7, 8, 7, D.



1 Hark! the sound of holy voices,  
 Chanting o'er the crystal sea,  
 Alleluia, Alleluia,  
 Alleluia, Lord, to Thee;  
 Multitude, which none can number,  
 Like the stars in glory stands,  
 Clothed in white apparel, holding  
 Palms of victory in their hands.

3 Marching with Thy cross their banner,  
 They have triumph'd, following  
 Thee, the Captain of Salvation,  
 Thee, their Saviour and their King.  
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd;  
 Gladly, Lord, with Thee they died;  
 And by death to life immortal  
 They were born and glorified.

2 Patriarch, and holy Prophet,  
 Who prepared the way for Christ,  
 King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,  
 Martyr and Evangelist,  
 Sainly maiden, godly matron,  
 Widows who have watched to prayer,  
 Joined in holy concert singing  
 To the Lord of all, are there.

4 Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
 Now they walk in golden light,  
 Now they drink, as from a river,  
 Holy bliss and infinite:  
 Love and peace they taste forever,  
 And all truth and knowledge see  
 In the beatific vision  
 Of the blessed Trinity. AMEN.



## No. 25.

## Bread of the World.

Hymn No. 225.

9, 8, 9, 8.



1 Bread of the world, in mercy broken,  
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed,  
By Whom the words of life were spoken,  
And in Whose death our sins are dead;

2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed;  
And be Thy feast to us the token  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed. AMEN.

# No. 26. A Few More Years Shall Roll.

Hymn No. 203.

S. M. D.



1 A few more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come,  
And we shall be with those that rest  
Asleep within the tomb:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that great day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

2 A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time,  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serenuer clime:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that blest day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

3 A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore,  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that calm day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

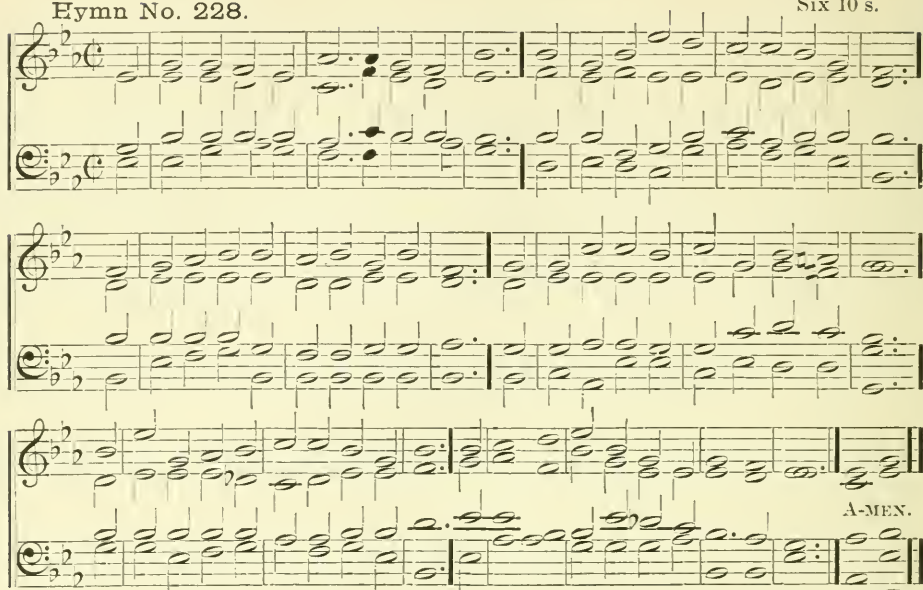
4 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that bright day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away.

5 'Tis but a little while  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we with Him may reign:  
Then, O my Lord, prepare  
My soul for that glad day;  
O wash me in Thy precious blood,  
And take my sins away. Amen.

# No. 27. And now, O Father, Mindful of the Love.

Hymn No. 228.

Six 10 s.

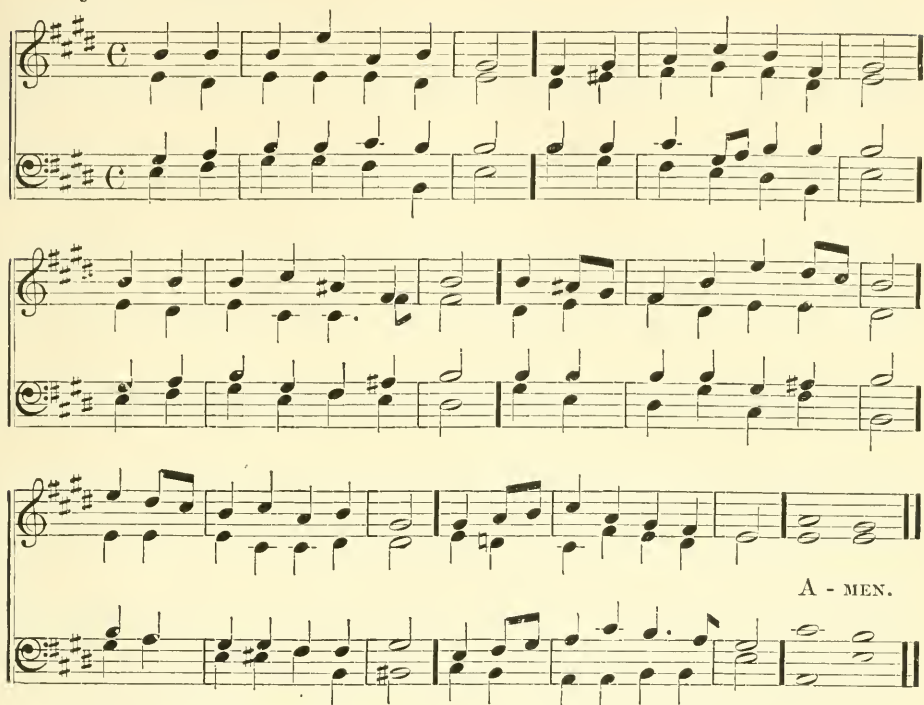


- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 And now, O Father, mindful of the love<br/>That brought us, once for all, on<br/>Calvary's Tree,<br/>And having with us Him that pleads<br/>above,<br/>We here present, we here spread forth<br/>to Thee,<br/>That only offering, perfect in Thine eyes,<br/>The one true pure, immortal Sacrifice.</p> | <p>3 And then for those, our dearest and our<br/>best,<br/>By this prevailing Presence we appeal;<br/>O fold them closer to Thy mercy's breast,<br/>O do Thine utmost for their soul's<br/>true weal; [and clear,<br/>From tainting mischief keep them white<br/>And crown Thy gifts with strength to<br/>persevere.</p> |
| <p>2 Look, Father, look on His Anointed<br/>Face,<br/>And only look on us as found in Him;<br/>Look not on our misusings of Thy grace,<br/>Our prayer so languid, and our faith<br/>so dim;<br/>For lo! between our sins and their reward<br/>We set the Passion of Thy Son our<br/>Lord.</p>                | <p>4 And so we come; O draw us to Thy feet,<br/>Most patient Saviour, Who canst love<br/>us still;<br/>And by this food, so awful and so sweet,<br/>Deliver us from every touch of ill:<br/>In Thine own service make us glad and<br/>free,<br/>And grant us never more to part with<br/>Thee. AMEN.</p>                 |

# No. 28. Christ, Whose Glory Fills the Skies.

Hymn No. 312.

Six 7s.



A - MEN.

1 Christ, whose glory fills the skies,  
Christ, the true, the only Light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise!

Triumph o'er the shades of night!  
Day-spring from on high, be near;  
Day-star, in my heart appear!

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn  
Unaccompanied by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till thy mercy's beams I see;

Till they inward light impart,  
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

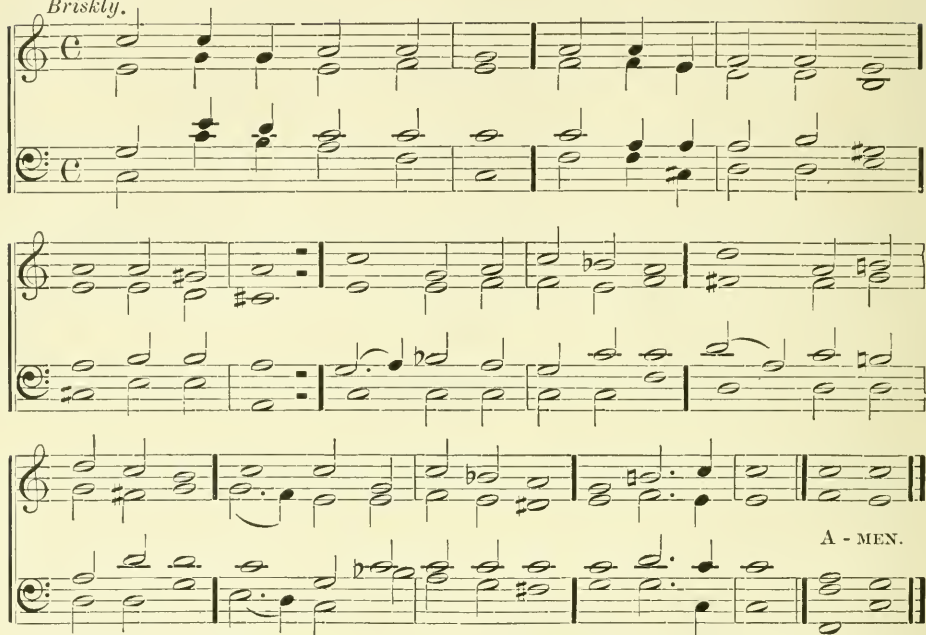
3 Visit then this soul of mine;  
Pierce the gloom of sin and  
grief;  
Fill me, Radiance divine,  
Scatter all my unbelief;  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day. AMEN.

# No. 29.      Thou Whose Almighty Word.

Hymn No. 327.

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.

*Briskly.*



A - MEN.

1 Thou, whose Almighty word  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight;  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And, where the Gospel day  
Sheds not its glorious ray,  
Let there be light!

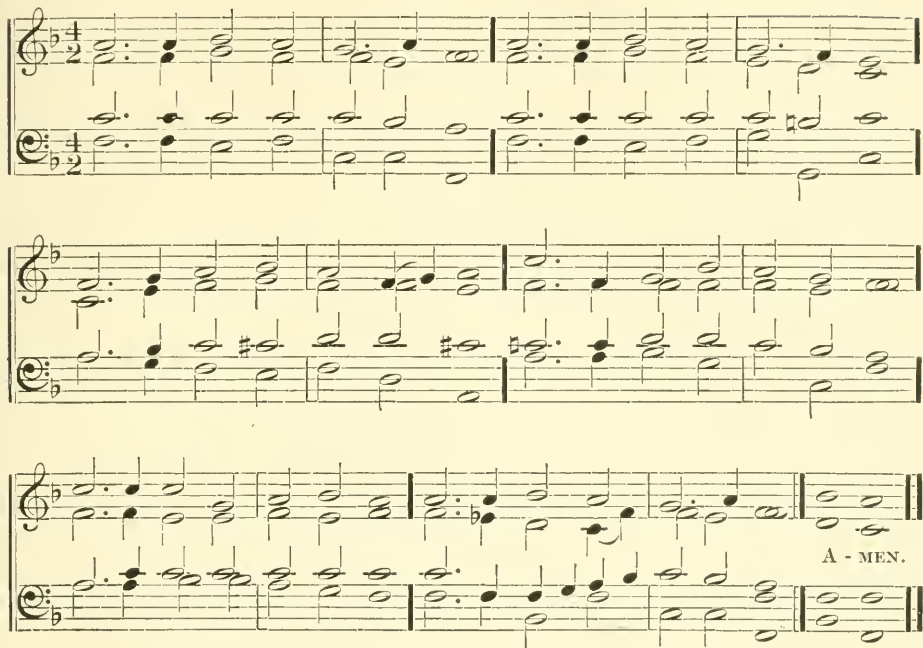
2 Thou who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight,  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly-blind,  
Oh, now to all mankind,  
Let there be light!

3 Spirit of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight!  
Move on the waters' face,  
Bearing the lamp of grace,  
And, in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light!

4 Holy and Blesséd Three,  
Glorious Trinity,  
Wisdom, Love, Might,  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world, far and wide,  
Let there be light! AMEN.

# No. 30. Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me.

Hymn No. 336. and ( old Prayer Book Version ) Hymn No. 531.



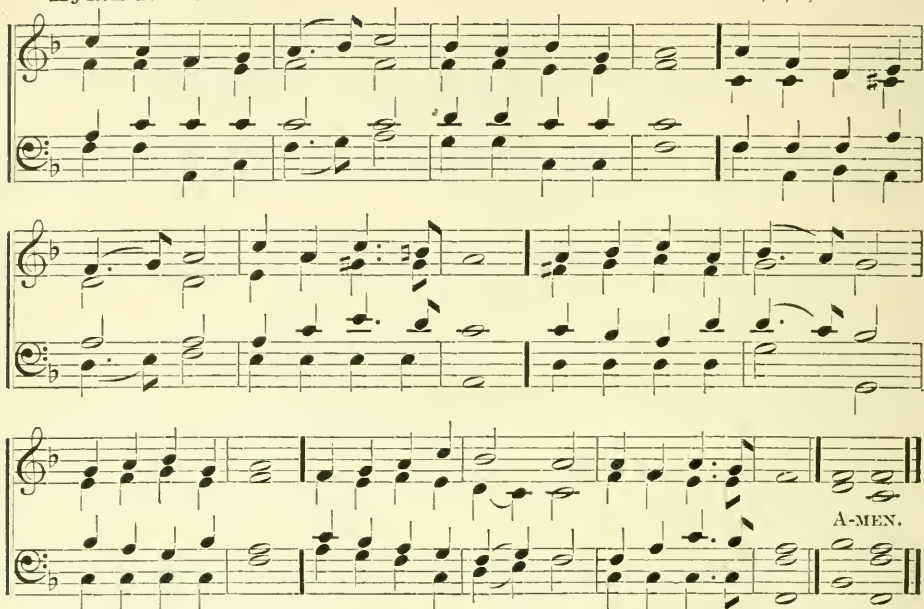
1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From Thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath, and make me  
pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,

All for sin could not atone,  
Thou must save, and Thou alone;  
In my hand no price I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyelids close in death,  
When I rise to worlds unknown,  
And behold Thee on Thy throne,  
Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee. AMEN.





- 1 In the hour of trial,  
 Jesu, plead for me;  
 Lest by base denial  
 I depart from Thee;  
 When Thou seest me waver,  
 With a look recall,  
 Nor for fear or favour  
 Suffer me to fall.
- 2 With forbidden pleasures  
 Would this vain world charm;  
 Or its sordid treasures  
 Spread to work me harm;  
 Bring to my remembrance  
 Sad Gethsemane,  
 Or, in darker semblance,  
 Cross-crown'd Calvary.

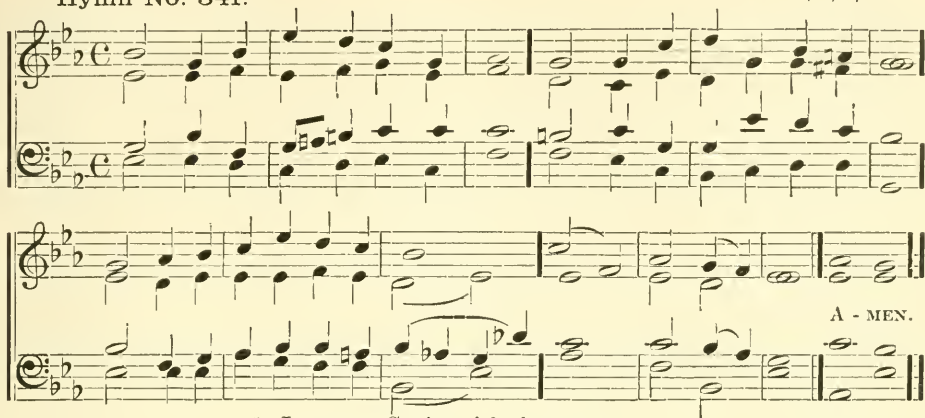
- 3 Should Thy mercy send me  
 Sorrow, toil, and woe;  
 Or should pain attend me  
 On my path below;  
 Grant that I may never  
 Fail Thy hand to see;  
 Grant that I may ever  
 Cast my care on Thee.
- 4 When my last hour cometh,  
 Fraught with strife and pain,  
 When my dust returneth  
 To the dust again;  
 On Thy truth relying,  
 Through that mortal strife,  
 Jesu, take me, dying,  
 To eternal life. AMEN.



# No. 32. Jesus, my Saviour! Look on Me.

Hymn No. 341.

8, 8, 8, 4.



- 1 Jesus, my Saviour! look on me,  
For I am weary and opprest;  
I come to cast myself on Thee:  
Thou art my Rest.
- 2 Look down on me, for I am weak,  
I feel the toilsome journey's length;  
Thine aid omnipotent I seek;  
Thou art my Strength.
- 3 I am bewilder'd on my way,  
Dark and tempestuous is the night;  
O send Thou forth some cheering ray:  
Thou art my my Light.
- 4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,  
I look to Thee; my terrors cease;  
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:  
Thou art my Peace.
- 5 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,  
In that tremendous latest strife,  
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:  
Thou art my Life.
- 6 Thou wilt my every want supply,  
E'en to the end whate'er befall;  
Through life, in death, eternally,  
Thou art my All. AMEN.

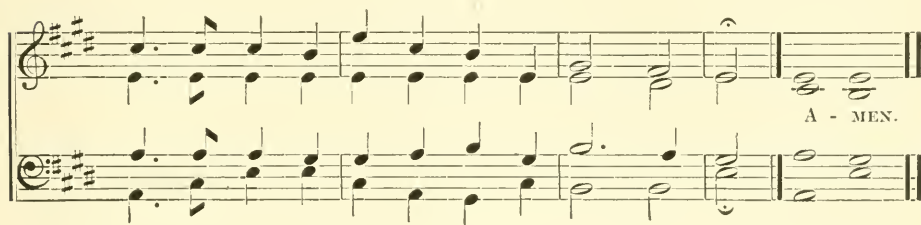
# No. 33. Art Thou Weary, Art Thou Languid.

Hymn No. 342. Verses 1, 2, 3, 4.



- 1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distress'd?  
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,  
Be at rest."
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my guide?  
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side."
- 3 Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That His brow adorns?  
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,  
But of thorns."
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here?  
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear."

MAJOR. Verses 5, 6, 7.  
*faster.*



5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
 What hath He at last ?  
 "Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,  
 Jordan pass'd."

6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay ?  
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven  
 Pass away."

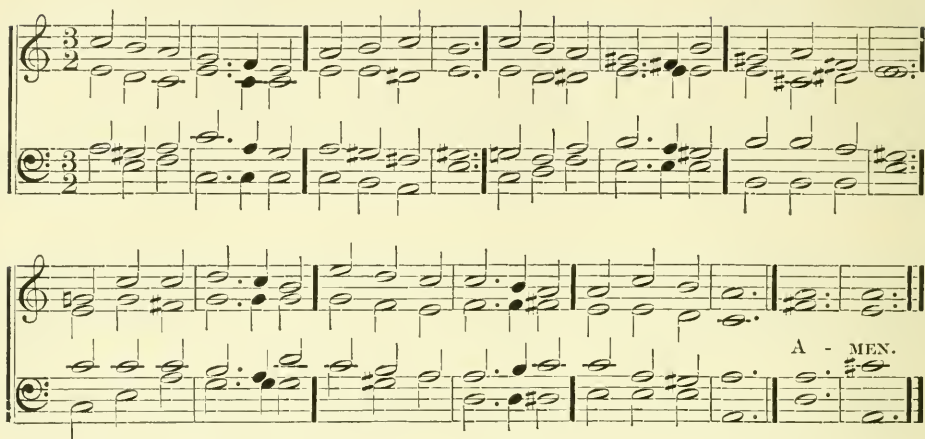
7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
 Is He sure to bless ?  
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,  
 Answer, 'yes.'"

## No. 34.

## Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Hymn No. 344.

6, 4, 6, 4, 6, 6, 4.



1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me;  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,  
Weary and lone,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let my way appear  
Steps unto Heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

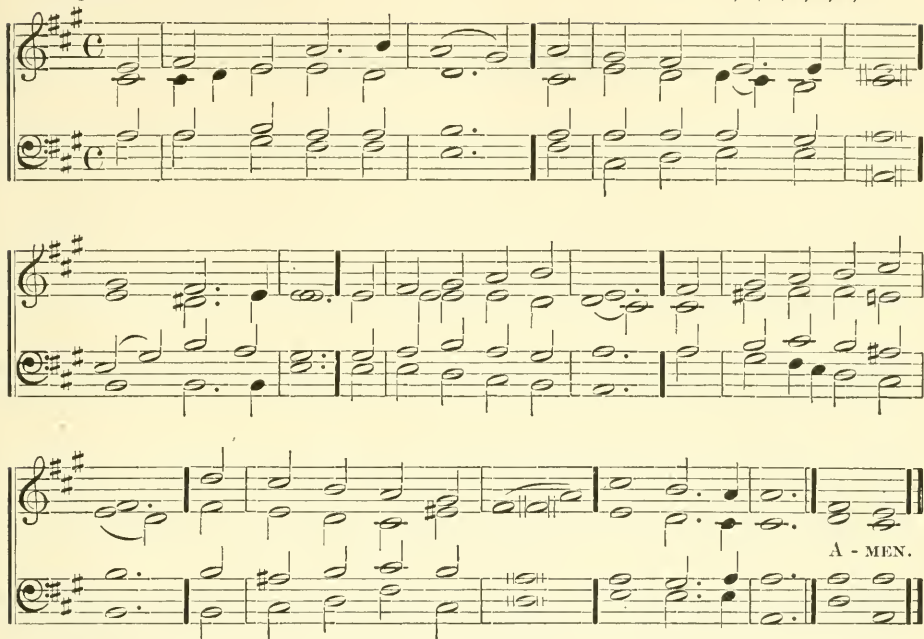
4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Altars I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee!

5 Or, if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee! AMEN.

# No. 35.      In Faith Looks up to Thee.

Hymn No. 345.

6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.



1 My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine!  
Now hear me while I pray:  
Take all my guilt away;  
O, let me from this day  
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
Strength to my fainting heart,  
My zeal inspire:  
As Thou hast died for me,  
O, may my love to Thee  
Pure, warm, and changeless be,  
A living fire.

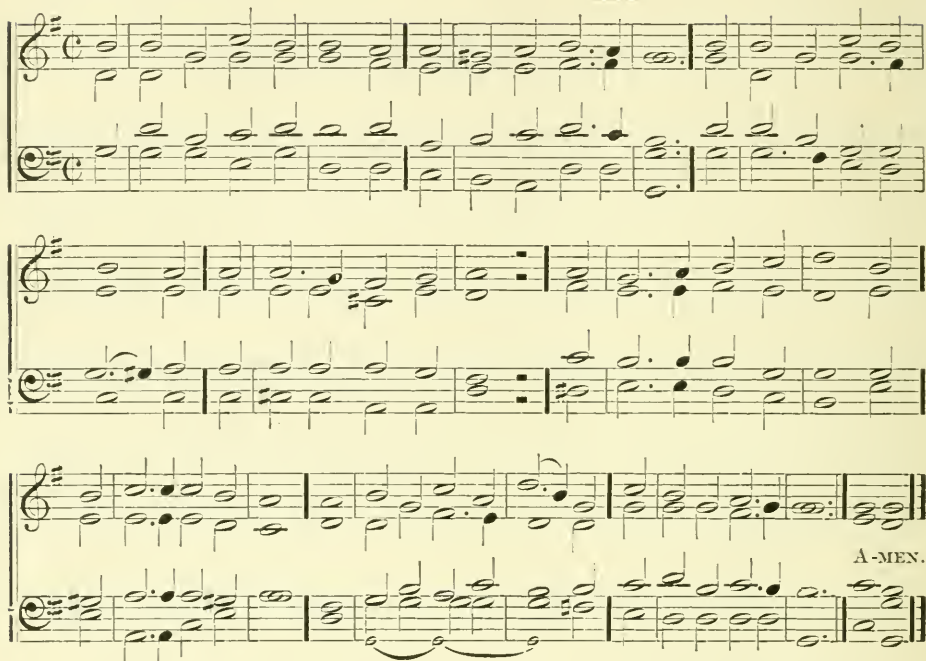
3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
And griefs around me spread,  
Be Thou my guide;  
Bid darkness turn to day,  
Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
Nor let me ever stray  
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,  
When death's cold sullen stream  
Shall o'er me roll,  
Blest Saviour, then in love,  
Fear and distrust remove;  
O, bear me safe above,  
A ransom'd soul. AMEN.

# No. 36. O Jesu, Thou art Standing.

Hymn No. 357.

7, 6, 7, 6, D.



1 O Jesu, Thou art standing  
 Outside the fast-closed door,  
 In lowly patience waiting  
 To pass the threshold o'er:  
 Shame on us Christian brothers,  
 His name and sign who bear:  
 O shame, thrice shame upon us,  
 To keep Him standing there.

2 O Jesu, Thou art knocking:  
 And lo! that hand is scarr'd,  
 And thorns Thy brow encircle,  
 And tears Thy face have marr'd:

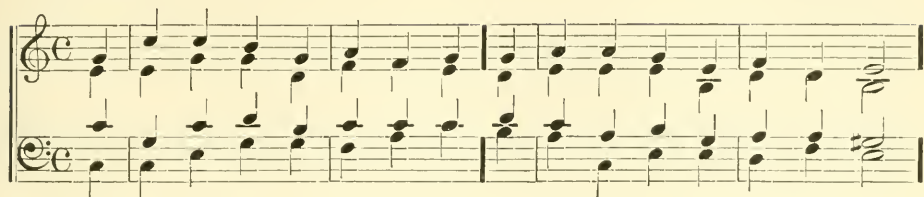
O love that passeth knowledge,  
 So patiently to wait!  
 O sin that hath no equal,  
 So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesu, Thou art pleading  
 In accents meek and low,  
 "I died for you, My children,  
 And will ye treat Me so?"  
 O Lord, with shame and sorrow  
 We open now the door:  
 Dear Saviour, enter, enter,  
 And leave us nevermore. AMEN.

# No. 37. To Him Who for Our Sins Was Slain.

Hymn No. 366. ♩ = 112.

S. S. 6. S. S. 6.



(Last verse.)



1 To Him Who for our sins was slain,  
To Him for all His dying pain,  
Sing we Alleluia!  
To Him the Lamb our Sacrifice,  
Who gave His blood our ransom-price,  
Sing we Alleluia!

2 To Him Who died that we might die  
To sin, and live with Him on high,  
Sing we Alleluia!  
To Him Who rose that we might rise,  
And reign with Him beyond the skies,  
Sing we Alleluia!

3 To Him Who now for us doth plead,  
And helpeth us in all our need,  
Sing we Alleluia!  
To Him Who doth prepare on high  
Our home in immortality,  
Sing we Alleluia!

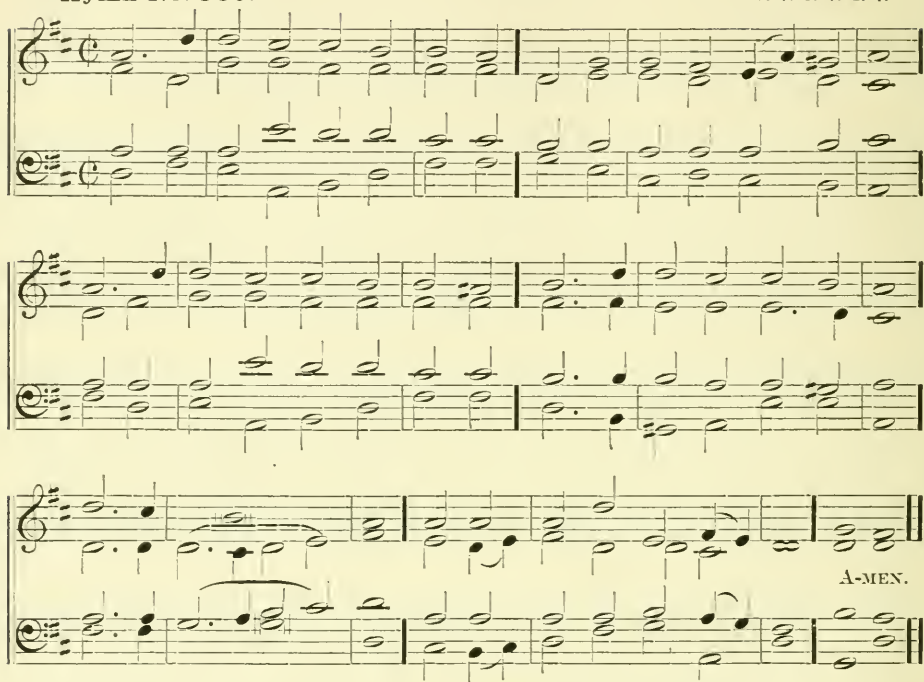
4 To Him be glory evermore:  
Ye heavenly hosts, your Lord adore;  
Sing we Alleluia!  
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Our God most great, our joy, our boast,  
Sing we Alleluia! AMEN.



# No. 38. Holy Father, Great Creator.

Hymn No. 386.

S. 7. S. 7. 4. 7.



1 Holy Father, great Creator,  
 Source of mercy, love, and peace,  
 Look upon the Mediator,  
 Clothe us with His righteousness;  
 Heavenly Father,  
 Through the Saviour hear and bless.

2 Holy Jesus, Lord of glory,  
 Whom angelic hosts proclaim,  
 While we hear Thy wondrous story,  
 Meet and worship in Thy name,  
 Dear Redeemer,  
 In our hearts Thy peace proclaim.

3 Holy Spirit, Sanctifier,  
 Come with unction from above,  
 Raise our hearts to raptures higher,  
 Fill them with the Saviour's love!  
 Source of comfort,  
 Cheer us with the Saviour's love.

4 God the Lord, through every nation  
 Let Thy wondrous mercies shine!  
 In the song of Thy salvation  
 Every tongue and race combine!  
 Great Jehovah,  
 Form our hearts and make them Thine.

# No. 39. Oh, What, if We are Christ's.

Hymn No. 390.

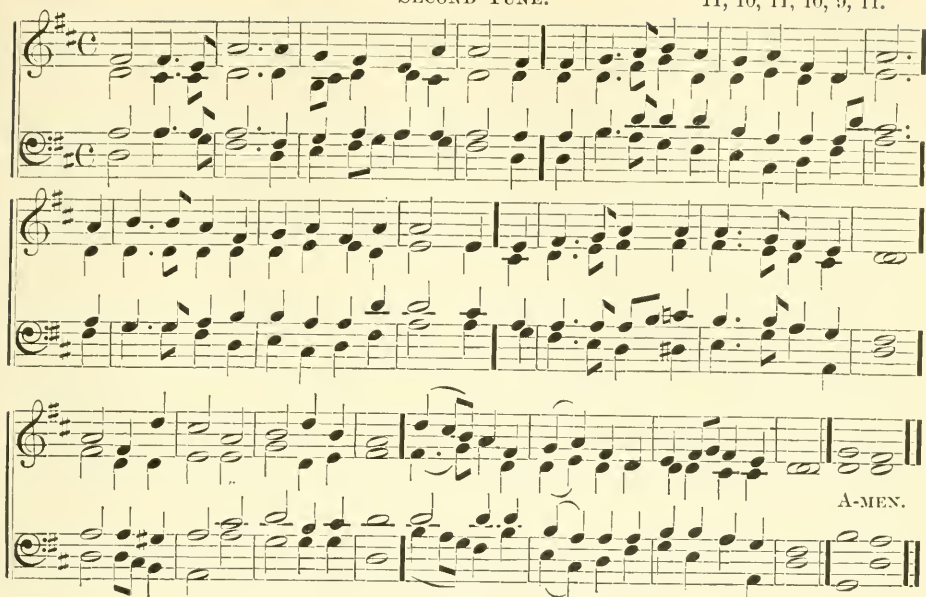
S. M.



- 1 Oh! what, if we are Christ's,  
Is earthly shame or loss?  
Bright shall the crown of glory be  
When we have borne the Cross.
- 2 Keen was the trial once,  
Bitter the cup of woe,  
When martyr'd saints, baptized in blood,  
Christ's sufferings shared below.
- 3 Bright is their glory now,  
Boundless their joy above,  
Where on the bosom of their God,  
They rest in perfect love.
- 4 Lord, may that grace be ours,  
Like them in faith to bear  
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain  
May be our portion here;
- 5 Enough if Thou at last  
The word of blessing give,  
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,  
Where saints and angels live. AMEN.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in common time (C). It consists of three systems of music. The first system includes a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking under the first measure. The second system is a continuation of the first. The third system includes a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking above the staff and an 'A-MEN.' marking at the end of the piece. The music is composed of chords and single notes, primarily using the right hand (treble clef) for melody and the left hand (bass clef) for accompaniment.

- 1 Hark! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling  
     O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:  
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
     Of that new life when sin shall be no more!  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
     "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"  
 And, through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,  
     The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.



- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,  
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
- 4 Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past:  
 Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.
- 5 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.  
 Angels of Jesus, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. AMEN.

## No. 42.

## O Paradise, O Paradise.

Hymn No. 394.

8, 6, 8, 6, 6, 6, 6, 6.

1 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 Who doth not crave for rest?  
 Who would not seek the happy land,  
 Where they that loved are blest?  
 Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through,  
 In God's most holy sight.

2 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 The world is growing old;  
 Who would not be at rest and free  
 Where love is never cold?  
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

3 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 We long to sin no more,

We long to be as pure on earth  
 As on Thy spotless shore;  
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

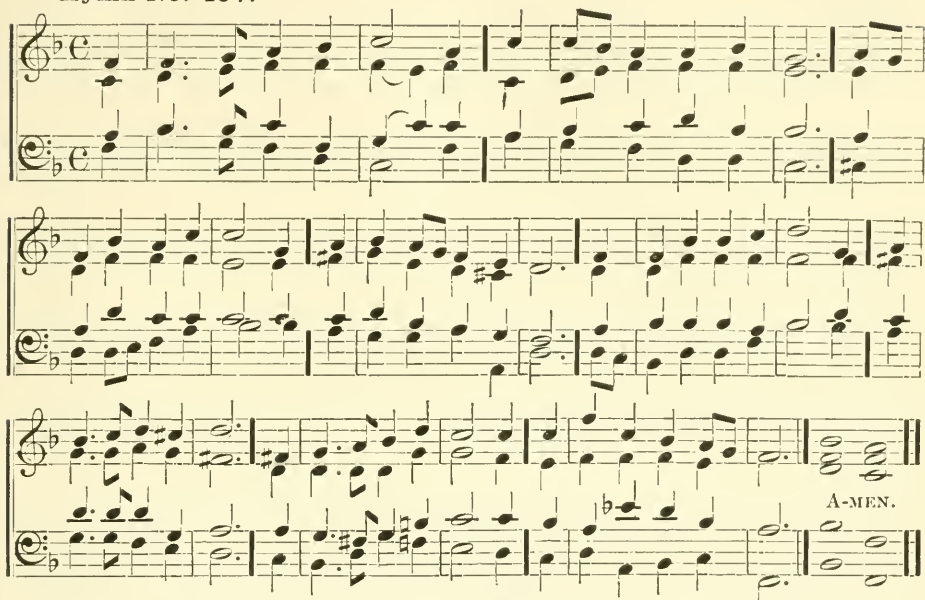
4 O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 We shall not wait for long;  
 E'en now the loving ear may catch  
 Faint fragments of thy song;  
 Where loyal hearts and true, etc.

5 Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
 O keep us in Thy love,  
 And guide me to that happy land  
 Of perfect rest above;  
 Where loyal hearts and true,  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through,  
 In God's most holy sight. AMEN.

# No. 43. For Thee, O Dear, Dear Country.

Hymn No. 407.

7, 6, 7, 6, D.



1 For thee, O dear, dear country,  
 Mine eyes their vigils keep;  
 For very love, beholding  
 Thy happy name, they weep.  
 The mention of thy glory  
 Is unction to the breast,  
 And medicine in sickness,  
 And love, and life, and rest.

2 O one, O only mansion;  
 O Paradise of joy!  
 Where tears are ever banished,  
 And smiles have no alloy;  
 Thy loveliness oppresses  
 All human thought and heart,  
 And none, O Peace, O Sion,  
 Can sing thee as thou art.

3 With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze;  
 The sardius and the topaz  
 Unite in thee their rays;  
 Thine ageless walls are bonded  
 With amethyst unpriced;  
 The saints build up its fabric,  
 And the corner-stone is Christ.

4 The cross is all Thy splendour,  
 The Crucified thy praise;  
 His laud and benediction  
 Thy ransomed people raise:  
 Upon the Rock of Ages  
 They build thy holy tower;  
 Thine is the victor's laurel,  
 And thine the golden dower. A-MEN.



## No. 44.

## Lead, Kindly Light.

Hymn No. 423.

10, 4, 10, 4, 10, 10.



1 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling  
Lead Thou me on; [gloom,  
The night is dark, and I am far from home,  
Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see  
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou  
Shouldst lead me on;  
I loved to choose and see my path; but now  
Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day; and spite of fears,  
Pride ruled my will: remember not past  
years.

3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still  
Will lead me on  
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till  
The night is gone,  
And with the morn those angel faces smile,  
Which I have loved long since, and lost  
awhile. AMEN.



# No. 45. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Hymn No. 450.

C. M.

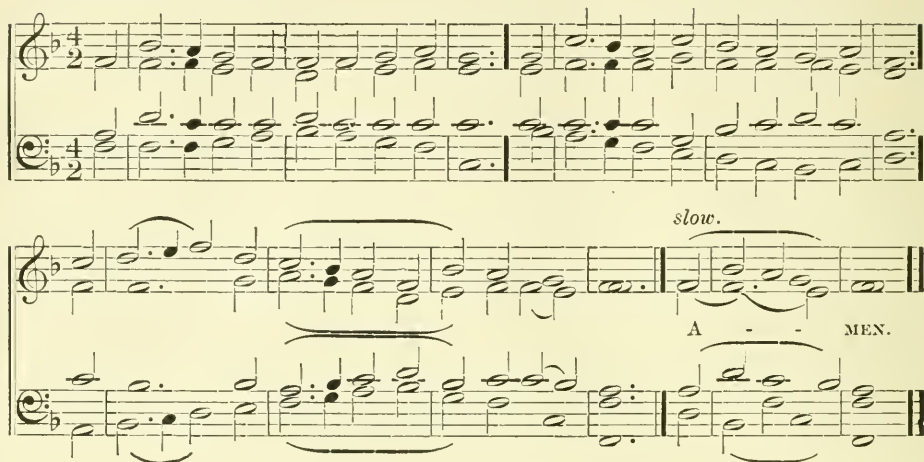


- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God,  
Who from His altar call;  
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Hail Him, the Heir of David's line,  
Whom David, Lord, did call;  
The God incarnate! Man divine!  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,  
Ye ransomed of the fall,  
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget  
The wormwood and the gall,  
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
Before Him prostrate fall,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all. AMEN.

# No. 46. Sing Alleluia forth in Duteous Praise.

Hymn No. 462.

10, 10, 7.



1 Sing Alleluia forth in duteous praise,  
O citizens of heaven; and sweetly raise  
An endless Alleluia.

2 Ye Powers, who stand before the Eter-  
nal Light,  
In hymning choirs re-echo to the height  
An endless Alleluia.

3 The holy city shall take up your strain,  
And with glad songs resounding wake  
again  
An endless Alleluia.

4 In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice  
To render to the Lord with thankful voice  
An endless Alleluia.

5 Ye who have gained at length your  
palms in bliss,  
Victorious ones, your chant shall still  
be this,  
An endless Alleluia.

6 There, in one grand acclaim, for ever  
ring  
The strains which tell the honour of  
your King;  
An endless Alleluia.

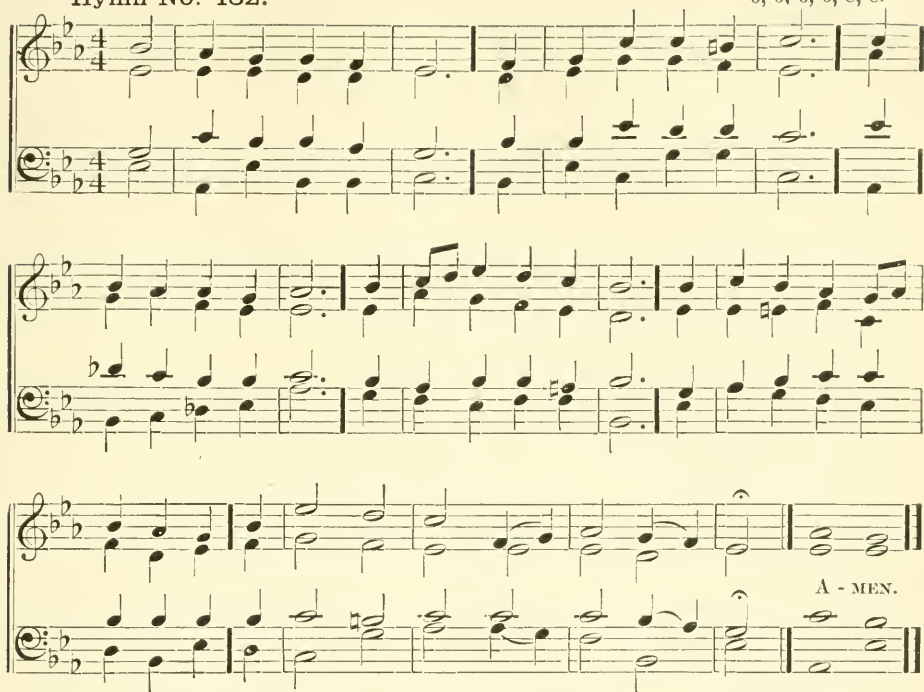
7 This is sweet rest for weary ones brought  
back,  
This is glad food and drink which none  
shall lack,  
An endless Alleluia.

8 While Thee, by whom were all things  
made, we praise  
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays  
An endless Alleluia.

9 Almighty Christ, to Thee our voices  
sing  
Glory for evermore; to Thee we bring  
An endless Alleluia. AMEN.

## Hymn No. 482.

6, 6, 6, 6, 8, 8.



1 In loud exalted strains,  
The King of Glory praise;  
O'er heaven and earth He reigns,  
Through everlasting days;  
But Sion, with His presence blest,  
Is His delight, His chosen rest.

2 O King of Glory, come;  
And with Thy favour crown  
This temple as Thy home,  
This people as Thy own;  
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show  
How God can dwell with men below.

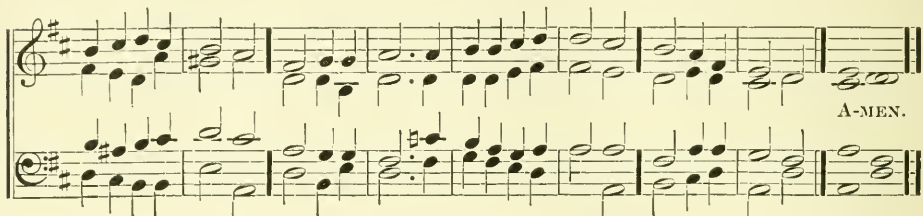
3 Now let Thine ear attend  
Our supplicating cries;  
Now let our praise ascend,  
Accepted, to the skies:  
Now let Thy Gospel's joyful sound  
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng  
Imbibe Thy truth and love;  
Here Christians join the song  
Of seraphim above:  
Till all who humbly seek Thy face  
Rejoice in Thy abounding grace. АМЕН.

# No. 48. Lord of our Life, and God of our Salvation.

Hymn No. 496.

10, 8.

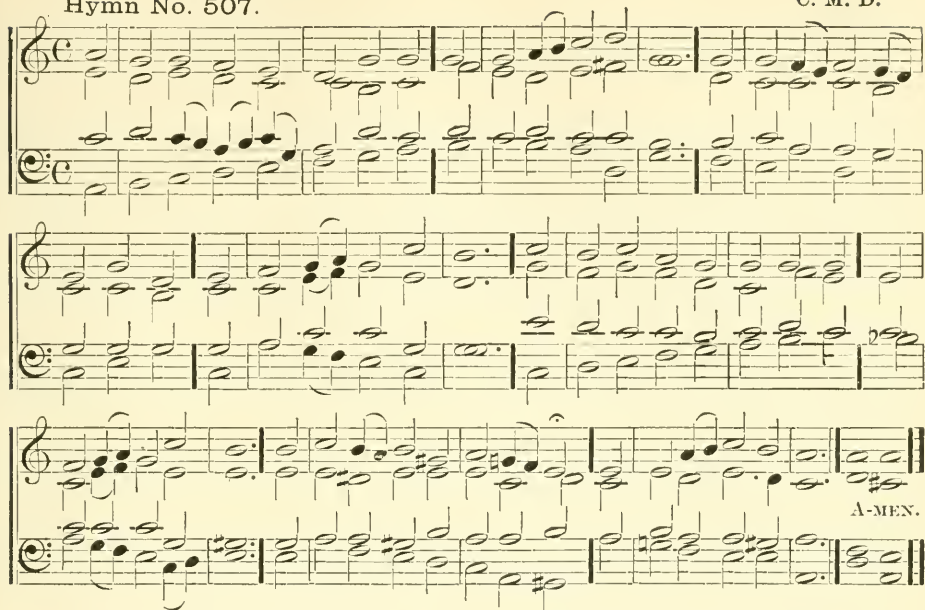


- 1 Lord of our life, and God of our salvation,  
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,  
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,  
Lord God Almighty.
- 2 See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling;  
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;  
Lord, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,  
Thou canst preserve us.
- 3 Lord, Thou canst help, when earthly armour faileth,  
Lord, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,  
Lord, o'er Thy Rock, nor death nor hell prevailleth;  
Grant us Thy peace, Lord.
- 4 Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging;  
Peace, in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,  
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;  
Calm Thy foes' raging.
- 5 Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven;  
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven;  
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven,  
Peace in Thy Heaven. AMEN.

# No. 49. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

Hymn No. 507.

C. M. D.



1 The Son of God goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar:  
Who follows in His train?  
Who best can drink His cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears His cross below —  
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave,  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save:  
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
Who follows in His train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the Spirit came: [ knew,  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they  
And mock'd the cross and flame;  
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,  
The lion's gory mane;  
They bow'd their necks the death to feel:  
Who follows in their train?

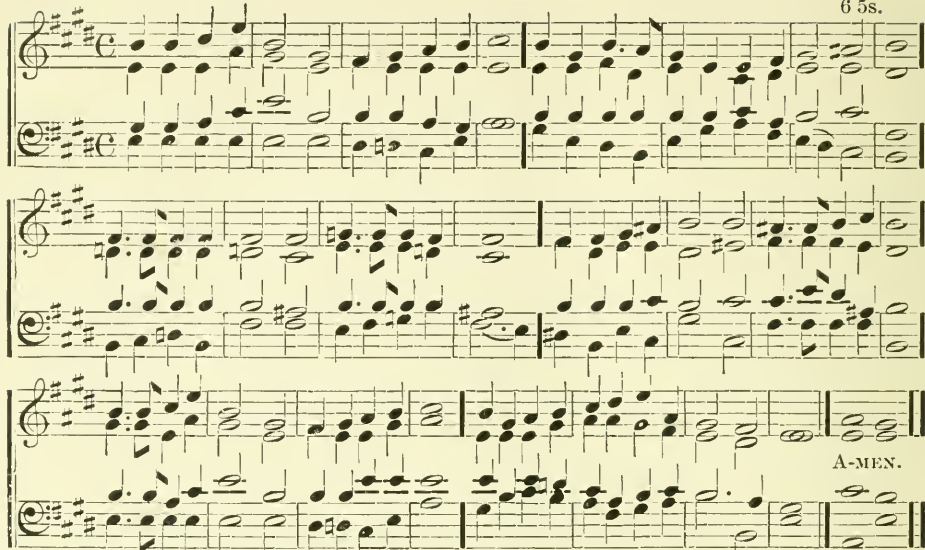
4 A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light array'd:  
They climb'd the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain:  
O God! to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train! AMEN.

The first four lines of this tune may be sung in unison, or for this hymn use tune No. 70.

# No. 50. Brightly Gleams our Banner.

Hymn No. 515.

6 5s.



1 Brightly gleams our banner  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high.  
 Journeying o'er the desert,  
 Gladly thus we pray,  
 And with hearts united  
 Take our heavenward way.  
 Brightly gleams our banner,  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high.

2 Jesu, Lord and master,  
 At Thy sacred feet,  
 Here with hearts rejoicing  
 See Thy children meet;  
 Often have we left Thee,  
 Often gone astray,  
 Keep, us mighty Saviour,  
 In the narrow way.  
 Brightly gleams, etc.

3 All our days direct us  
 In the way we go,  
 Lead us on victorious  
 Over every foe:  
 Bid Thine angels shield us  
 When the storm-clouds lower,  
 Pardon, Lord, and save us  
 In the last dread hour.  
 Brightly gleams, etc.

4 Then with Saints and Angels  
 May we join above,  
 Offering prayers and praises  
 At Thy Throne of love;  
 When the toil is over,  
 Then come rest and peace,  
 Jesus in His beauty,  
 Songs that never cease.  
 Brightly gleams our banner  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high. A-MEN.



# No. 51. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Hymn No. 516.

6, 5, 6, 5, D.

$\text{♩} = 120.$   
MARCH.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.  
Christ the royal Master  
Leads against the foe;  
Forward into battle,  
See, His banners go.  
Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph  
Satan's host doth flee;  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory.  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.  
Onward, etc.

3 Like a mighty army  
Moves the Church of God;

Brothers, we are treading  
Where the saints have trod;  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope and doctrine,  
One in charity. Onward, etc.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of Jesus  
Constant will remain;  
Gates of hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail;  
We have Christ's own promise,  
And that cannot fail. Onward, etc.

5 Onward, then, ye people,  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices  
In the triumph-song;  
Glory, laud, and honour,  
Unto Christ the King;  
This through countless ages  
Men and angels sing.  
Onward, etc. AMEN.





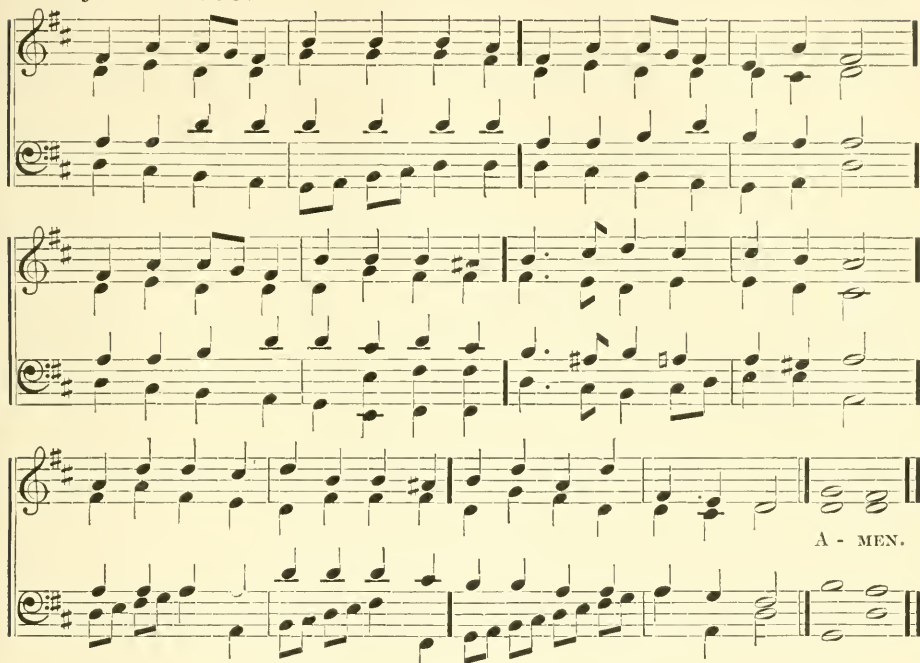
- 1 Saviour, blessed Saviour,  
Listeu whilst we sing;  
Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King;  
All we have we offer,  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul, and spirit,  
All we yield to Thee.
- 2 Nearer, ever nearer,  
Christ, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee:  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die;  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.
- 3 Great and ever greater  
Are Thy mercies here,  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there,  
Where no pain, or sorrow,  
Toil, or care is known,  
Where the angel-legions  
Circle round Thy throne.
- 4 Clearer still and clearer,  
Dawns the light from heaven,  
In our sadness bringing  
News of sins forgiven;

- Life has lost its shadows,  
Pure the light within;  
Thou hast shed Thy radiance  
On a world of sin.
- 5 Brighter still and brighter,  
Glow the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done;  
Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past,  
May we, blessed Saviour,  
Find a rest at last.
  - 6 Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God;  
Leaving all behind us,  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.
  - 7 Bliss, all bliss excelling,  
When the ransomed soul.  
Earthly toils forgetting,  
Finds its promised goal;  
Where in joys unheard of  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary raising  
Praises to their King. AMEN.

# No. 53. Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd.

Hymn No. 555.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.



A - MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd,<br/>         Little ones are dear to Thee;<br/>         Gathered with Thine arms, and carried<br/>         In Thy bosom may we be;<br/>         Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,<br/>         From all want and danger free.</p> <p>2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us<br/>         From Thy fold to go astray;<br/>         By Thy look of love directed<br/>         May we walk the narrow way;<br/>         Then direct us, and protect us,<br/>         Lest we fall an easy prey.</p> <p>3 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly<br/>         In the stream Thy love supplied,<br/>         Mingled stream of love and water,<br/>         Flowing from Thy wounded side;</p> | <p>And to heavenly pastures lead us,<br/>         Where Thine own still waters glide.</p> <p>4 Let Thy holy Word instruct us;<br/>         Guide us daily by its light;<br/>         Let Thy love and grace constrain us<br/>         To approve whate'er is right;<br/>         Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,<br/>         Strengthened with Thy heavenly<br/>         might.</p> <p>5 Taught to lisp the holy praises<br/>         Which on earth Thy children sing,<br/>         Both with lips and hearts unfeigned<br/>         May we our thank-offerings bring;<br/>         Then with all the saints in glory<br/>         Join to praise our Lord and King.</p> |
|--|---|

AMEN.

# No. 54. Heavenly Father, send Thy Blessing.

Hymn No. 556.

8, 7, 8, 7.



- 1 Heavenly Father, send Thy blessing  
On Thy children gathered here,  
May they all, Thy name confessing,  
Be to Thee forever dear;  
May they be like Joseph, loving,  
Dutiful, and chaste, and pure;  
And their faith, like David, proving,  
Steadfast unto death endure.
- 2 Holy Saviour, Who in meekness  
Didst vouchsafe a child to be,  
Guide their steps and help their weakness,  
Bless and make them like to Thee.  
Bear Thy lambs when they are weary  
In Thine arms and at Thy breast;  
Through life's desert, dry and dreary,  
Bring them to Thy heavenly rest.]
- 3 Spread Thy golden pinions o'er them,  
Holy Spirit from above;  
Guide them, lead them, go before them,  
Give them peace, and joy, and love:  
Temples of Thy glorious Godhead,  
May they with Thy presence shine,  
And immortal bliss inherit,  
And for evermore be Thine. AMEN.

# No. 55. Thy Life Was Given for Me.

Hymn No. 604.

Six 6s.



1 Thy life was given for me!  
 Thy blood, O Lord, was shed  
 That I might ransomed be,  
 And quickened from the dead.  
 Thy life was given for me:  
 What have I given for Thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,  
 Thy rainbow-circled throne,  
 Were left for earthly night,  
 For wanderings sad and lone.  
 Yea, all was left for me:  
 Have I left aught for Thee?

2 Long years were spent for me  
 In weariness and woe,  
 That through eternity  
 Thy glory I might know.  
 Long years were spent for me:  
 Have I spent one for Thee?

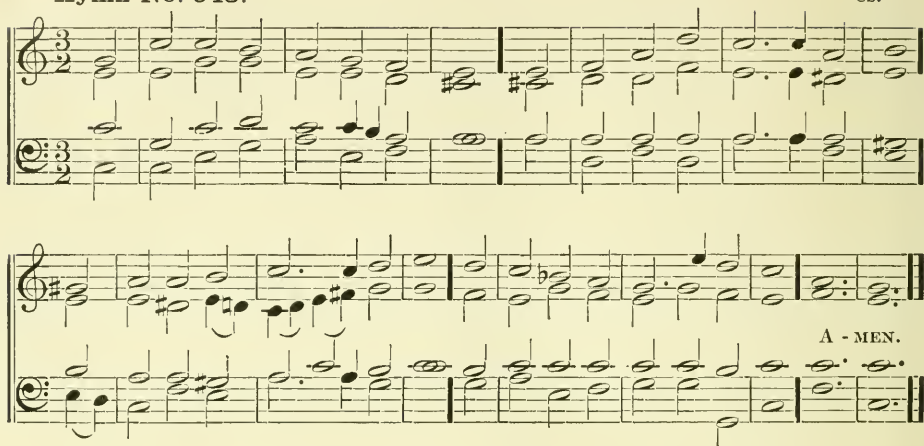
4 And Thon hast brought to me,  
 Down from Thy home above,  
 Salvation full and free,  
 Thy pardon and Thy love.  
 Great gifts Thou broughtest me:  
 What have I brought to Thee?

5 Oh, let my life be given,  
 My years for Thee be spent!  
 World-fetters all be riven,  
 And joy with suffering blent!  
 Thou gavest Thyself for me:  
 I give myself to Thee. AMEN.

# No. 56. Inspirer and Hearer of Prayer.

Hymn No. 643.

8s.



1 Inspirer and Hearer of prayer,  
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of Thine,  
My all to Thy covenant care,  
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If 'Thou art my shield and my sun,  
The night is no darkness to me;  
And, fast as my minutes roll on,  
They bring me but nearer to Thee.

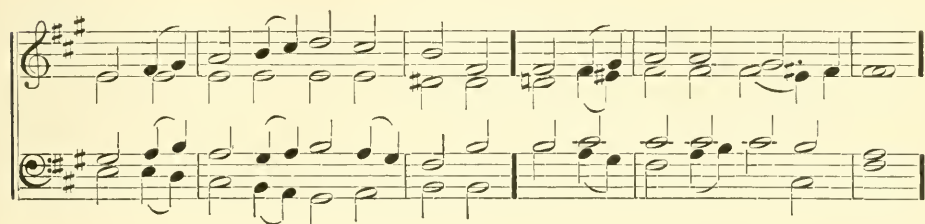
3 A sovereign protector I have,  
Unseen, yet forever at hand;  
Unchangeably faithful to save,  
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and His comforts abound,  
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;  
And walls of salvation surround  
The soul He delights to defend. AMEN.

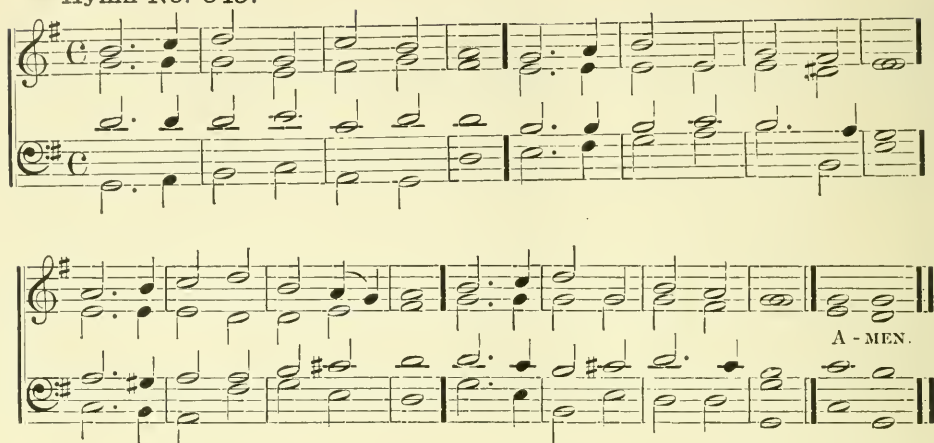
# No. 57. Through the Day Thy Love has Spared Us.

Hymn No. 646.

8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 7.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Through the day Thy love has spared us;<br/>Hear us ere the hour of rest,<br/>Through the silent watches guard us,<br/>Let no foe our peace molest;<br/>Jesu, Thou our Guardian be;<br/>Sweet it is to trust in Thee.</p> | <p>2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,<br/>Dwelling in the midst of foes;<br/>Us and ours preserve from dangers,<br/>In Thine arms may we repose;<br/>And, when life's short day is past,<br/>Rest with Thee in heaven at last,<br/>AMEN.</p> |
|--|--|



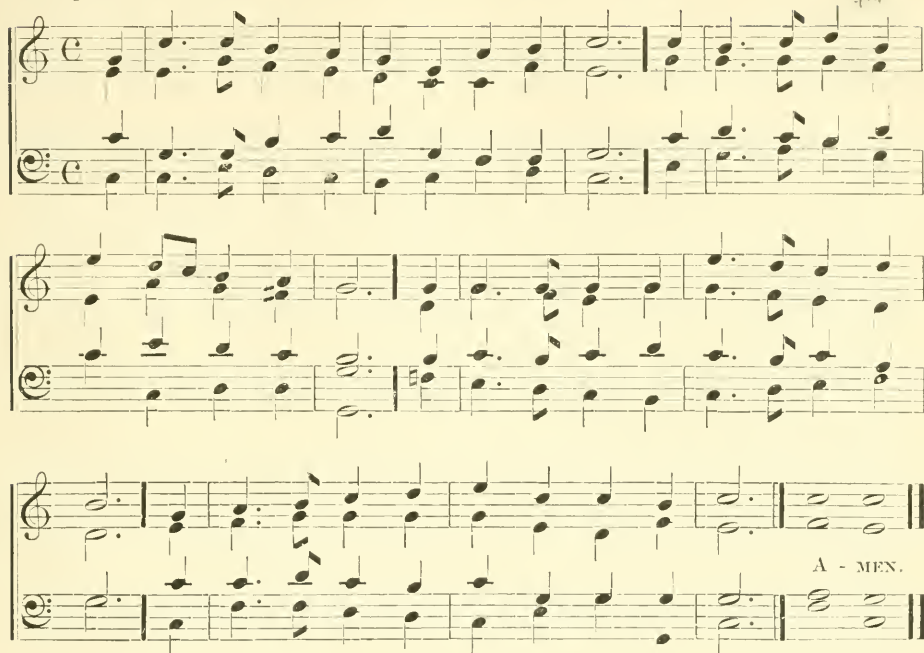
- 1 Lord, for ever at Thy side  
     Let my place and portion be:  
 Strip me of the robe of pride,  
     Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive  
     All Thy Spirit hath reveal'd;  
 Thou hast spoken — I believe,  
     Though the oracle be seal'd.
- 3 Humble as a little child,  
     Weanéd from the mother's breast,  
 By no subtleties beguiled,  
     On Thy faithful word I rest.
- 4 Israel! now and evermore  
     In the Lord Jehovah trust;  
 Him, in all His ways, adore,  
     Wise, and wonderful, and just.   AMEN.



# No. 59. As Pants the Wearied Hart.

Hymn No. 661.

107



- 1 As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,  
That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,  
So pants my soul for Thee, great King of kings,  
So thirsts to reach Thy sacred dwelling-place.
- 2 Lord, Thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,  
My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;  
And 'midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,  
To Thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
- 3 Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?  
Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;  
Within His courts thy thanks shall yet be paid:  
Unquestion'd be His faithfulness and love.

# No. 60. My God, My Father, While I Stray.

Hymn No. 667.

(FIRST TUNE.)

8, 8, 8, 4.



1 My God, my Father, while I stray  
Far from my home in life's rough way,  
O teach me from my heart to say,  
"Thy will be done."

2 Though dark my path, and sad my lot,  
Let me be still and murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,  
"Thy will be done."

3 What though in lonely grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no longer nigh,  
Submissive still would I reply,  
"Thy will be done."

4 If Thou shouldst call me to resign  
What most I prize—it ne'er was mine;

I only yield Thee what is Thine —  
"Thy will be done."

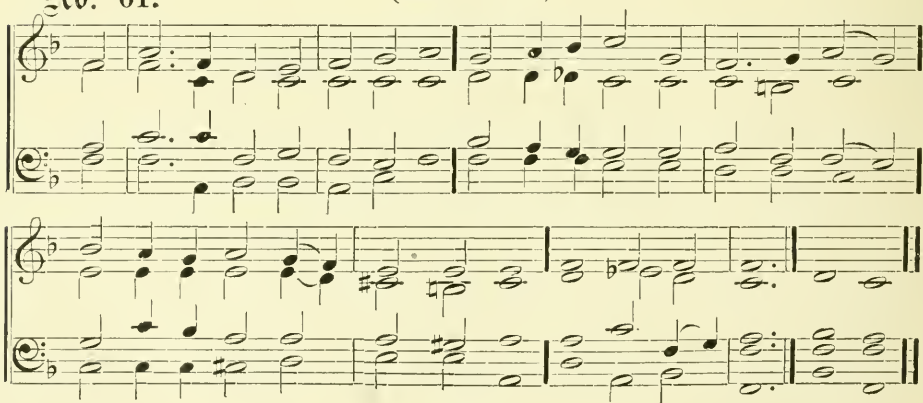
5 Let but my fainting heart be blest  
With Thy good Spirit for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;  
"Thy will be done."

6 Renew my will from day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and take away  
All that now makes it hard to say,  
"Thy will be done."

7 Then, when on earth I breathe no more  
The prayer oft mixed with tears before,  
I'll sing upon a happier shore,  
"Thy will be done."

## No. 61.

(SECOND TUNE.)



# No. 62. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Hymn No. 673.

C. M. D.

MAJOR.

AMEN.

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say  
Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast.  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary and worn and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say  
Behold I freely give  
The living water; thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink, and live.

- I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say  
I am this dark world's light;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all Thy day be bright.  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my star, my sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk,  
Till travelling days are done.

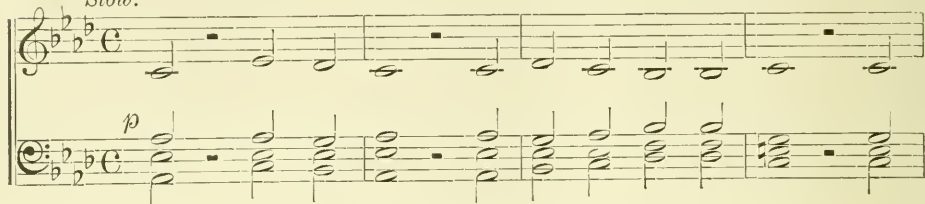
## No. 63.

## Peace, Perfect Peace.

Hymn No. 674.

FOR MALE VOICES.

10. 10.

*Slow.**rall.*

- 1 Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin?  
The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
- 2 Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties pressed?  
To do the will of Jesus, this is rest.
- 3 Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round?  
On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.
- 4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away?  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours?  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,  
And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace. AMEN.

## No. 64.

## Peace, Perfect Peace.

Hymn No. 674.

SECOND SETTING FOR MEN'S VOICES.

10%.

Verses 1, 3, 5.

TENORS 8ve lower.

First system of music for Verses 1, 3, 5. It consists of two staves: a Treble staff for Tenors (8ve lower) and a Bass staff for Basses. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The music begins with a *p* (piano) dynamic. The Tenor staff features a melody with dotted rhythms and rests, while the Bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Verses 2, 4, 6.

Second system of music for Verses 2, 4, 6. It continues with the same two-staff format (Tenors and Basses). The musical notation shows a continuation of the harmonic and melodic themes established in the first system, with various chordal textures and rhythmic patterns.

Verse 7.

Third system of music for Verse 7. The two-staff format is maintained. This system includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) at the beginning and *f* (forte) later in the system. A crescendo hairpin is visible above the Tenor staff, indicating a build-up in volume.

Fourth system of music, likely the conclusion of the hymn. It features the same two-staff format. The music includes a decrescendo hairpin and a *rall. pp.* (rallentando, pianissimo) marking towards the end. The final chords are sustained in both staves.



1 There is a blessed home  
 Beyond this land of woe,  
 Where trials never come,  
 Nor tears of sorrow flow;  
 Where faith is lost in sight,  
 And patient hope is crown'd,  
 And everlasting light  
 Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,  
 Good angels know it well;  
 Glad songs that never cease  
 Within its portals swell;  
 Around its glorious throne  
 Ten thousand saints adore  
 Christ, with the Father One,  
 And Spirit, evermore.

3 O joy all joys beyond,  
 To see the Lamb Who died,  
 And count each sacred wound  
 In hands and feet and side;  
 To give to Him the praise  
 Of every triumph won,  
 And sing through endless days  
 The great things He hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,  
 Nor fear to tread below  
 The path your Saviour trod  
 Of daily toil and woe;  
 Wait but a little while  
 In uncomplaining love,  
 His own most gracious smile  
 Shall welcome you above. AMEN.



# No. 66. Come See the Place Where Jesus Lay.

8, 8, 6, 8, 8, 6.

*With spirit.*

$\text{♩} = 100.$

*f* *mf* *ff*

A - MEN.

1 Come see the place where Jesus lay,  
And hear angelic watchers say,  
“He lives, Who once was slain:  
Why seek the living 'midst the dead?  
Remember how the Saviour said  
That He would rise again.”

2 O joyful sound! O glorious hour,  
When by His own Almighty power  
He rose, and left the grave!  
Now let our songs His triumph tell,  
Who burst the bands of death and hell,  
And ever lives to save.

3 The First-begotten of the dead,  
For us He rose, our glorious Head,  
Immortal life to bring; [die,  
What though the saints like Him shall  
They share their Leader's victory,  
And triumph with their King.

4 No more they tremble at the grave,  
For Jesus will their spirits save,  
And raise their slumbering dust:  
O risen Lord, in Thee we live,  
To Thee our ransomed souls we give,  
To Thee our bodies trust. AMEN.



7, 7, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.



1 Head of the Hosts in glory!  
 We joyfully adore Thee,  
 Thy Church below,  
 Blending with those on high —  
 Where through the azure sky  
 Thy saints in ecstacy  
 For ever glow.

2 Angels! archangels! glorious  
 Guards of the Church victorious!  
 Worship the Lamb!  
 Crown Him with crowns of light,  
 One of the Three by right —  
 Love, Majesty and Might,  
 The great I AM.

3 Martyrs! whose mystic legions  
 March o'er yon heavenly regions  
 In triumph round:

Wave high your banners, wave!  
 Your God, our Saviour, clave  
 For death itself a grave,  
 In hell profound!

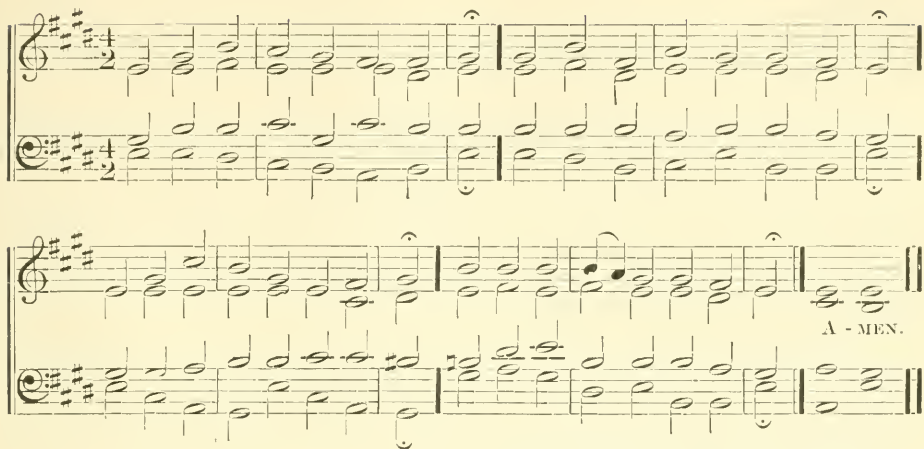
4 Saints! in fair circles, casting  
 Rich trophies everlasting  
 At Jesus' feet,

Amidst our rude alarms,  
 We stretch forth suppliant arms,  
 That we, too, safe from harms,  
 In heaven may meet!

5 Saviour! in glory beaming,  
 With radiance brightly streaming,  
 Enthroned in power,  
 Grant, by Thy awful Name,  
 That we through flood and flame  
 The Gospel may proclaim,  
 Till life's last hour. AMEN.

# No. 68. Come, Holy Ghost, with God the Son.

L. M.



- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Come, Holy Ghost, with God the Son,<br/>And God the Father, ever One;<br/>Shed forth Thy grace within our breast,<br/>And dwell with us, a ready guest.</p> <p>2 By every power, by heart and tongue,<br/>By act and deed, Thy praise be sung;<br/>Inflame with perfect love each sense,<br/>That others' souls may kindle thence.</p> <p>3 O Father, that we ask be done,<br/>Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;<br/>Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,<br/>Shall live and reign eternally.</p> | <p>And, keeping all the body whole,<br/>Shed forth Thy peace upon the soul.</p> <p>3 O Father, that we ask be done,<br/>Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;<br/>Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,<br/>Shall live and reign eternally.</p> |
|--|--|
- 
- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 O God of truth, O Lord of might,<br/>Who, ordering time and change aright,<br/>Sendest the early morning ray,<br/>Kindling the glow of perfect day,</p> <p>2 Extinguish Thou each sinful fire,<br/>And banish every ill desire:</p> | <p>1 O God! creation's secret force,<br/>Thyself unmoved, all motion's source,<br/>Who, from the morn till evening's ray,<br/>Through all its changes guid'st the day,</p> <p>2 Grant us, when this short life is past,<br/>The glorious evening that shall last;<br/>That, by a holy death attained,<br/>Eternal glory may be gained.</p> <p>3 O Father, that we ask be done,<br/>Through Jesus Christ, Thine only Son;<br/>Who, with the Holy Ghost and Thee,<br/>Shall live and reign eternally.</p> |
|--|---|

# No. 69. Jerusalem! High tower Thy Glorious Walls.

10, 6, 10, 6, 7, 6, 7, 6.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 Jerusalem! high tower thy glorious walls;<br/>           Would God I were with thee!<br/>           Desire of thee my longing heart enthralls,<br/>           Desire at home to be:<br/>           Wide from the world outleaping,<br/>           O'er hill and vale and plain,<br/>           My soul's strong wing is sweeping,<br/>           Thy portals to attain.</p>    | <p>3 A moment's time, the twinkling of an eye,<br/>           Shall be enough to soar,<br/>           In buoyant exultation, through the sky,<br/>           And reach the heavenly shore.<br/>           Elijah's chariot bringing<br/>           The homeward traveller there,<br/>           Glad troops of angels winging<br/>           It onward through the air.</p>                               |
| <p>2 O gladsome day and yet more gladsome<br/>           hour!<br/>           When shall that hour have come,<br/>           When my rejoicing soul its own free power<br/>           May use in going home?<br/>           Itself to Jesus giving,<br/>           In trust to His own hand,<br/>           To dwell among the living,<br/>           In that blest Fatherland.</p> | <p>4 Great fastness thou of honour! Thee I<br/>           greet!<br/>           Throw wide thy gracious gate, [feet;<br/>           An entrance free to give these longing<br/>           At last released, though late,<br/>           From wretchedness and sinning,<br/>           And life's long weary way;<br/>           And now, of God's gift, winning<br/>           Eternity's bright day.</p> |

5 What throng is this, what noble troop, that pours,  
    Arrayed in beauteous guise,  
Out through the glorious city's open doors,  
    To greet my wondering eyes?  
The hosts of Christ's elected,  
    The jewels that He bears  
In His own crown, selected  
    To wipe away my tears.

6 Of prophets great, and patriarchs high, a band  
    That once has borne the cross,  
With all the company that won that land,  
    By counting gain for loss,  
Now float in freedom's lightness,  
    From tyrants' chains set free;  
And shine like suns in brightness,  
    Arrayed to welcome me.

7 One more at last arrived they welcome there,  
    To beauteous Paradise,  
Where sense can scarce its full fruition bear,  
    Or tongue for praise suffice;  
Glad alleluias ringing,  
    With rapturous rebound,  
And rich hosannas singing  
    Eternity's long round.

8 Unnumber'd choirs before the Lamb's high throne  
    There shout the jubilee,  
With loud resonnding peal and sweetest tone,  
    In blissful ecstasy;  
A hundred thousand voices  
    Take up the wondrous song,  
Eternity rejoices  
    God's praises to prolong.   AMEN.

# No. 70. The old Year's long Campaign is O'er.

C. M. D.

$\text{♩} = 100.$

A-MEN.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 <i>mf</i> The old year's long campaign is o'er:<br/> <i>dim</i> Behold a new begun;<br/> <i>p</i> Not yet is closed the holy war,<br/> <i>p</i> Not yet the triumph won.<br/> Out of his still and deep repose<br/> We hear the old year say:<br/> <i>cres</i> "Go forth again to meet your foes,<br/> <i>f</i> Ye children of the day.</p> | <p>3 <i>mf</i> So forth we go to meet the strife,<br/> We will not fear nor fly,<br/> Love we the holy warrior's life,<br/> <i>p</i> His death we hope to die.<br/> <i>mf</i> We slumber not, that charge in view,<br/> <i>cres</i> "Toil on while toil ye may,<br/> <i>f</i> Then night shall be no night to you,<br/> <i>f</i> Ye children of the day."</p> |
| <p>2 <i>f</i> "Go forth! firm faith in every heart,<br/> Bright hope on every helm,<br/> Through this shall pierce no fiery dart,<br/> And this no fear o'erwhelm.<br/> Go in the spirit and the might<br/> Of Him who led the way;<br/> Close with the legions of the night,<br/> Ye children of the day."</p>                                  | <p>4 <i>mf</i> Lord God, our Glory, Three in One,<br/> Thine own sustain, defend;<br/> <i>dim</i> And give, though dim this earthly sun,<br/> <i>cres</i> Thy true light to the end;<br/> Till morning tread the darkness down,<br/> <i>f</i> And night be swept away,<br/> And never ending triumph crown<br/> The children of the day. A-MEN.</p>           |



1 Framer of the Light,  
 Who from out the night  
 The dawn of joyous day again dost bring,  
 On our darkened eyes  
 Bid Thy bright beams rise  
 Of endless glory, teach us Lord, to sing,

2 By Thy mercy still  
 Spared our place to fill,  
 O Father be it ours Thy name to bless;  
 Sheltered by Thy power,  
 In each fleeting hour,  
 Thy children guide to paths of righteousness.

3 Raised from death-like sleep,  
 Ever may we keep  
 Alive within us thoughts of that great Day!  
 Grant the ready mind,  
 Give us grace to find  
 The strait gate unto life, the narrow way.

4 Onward to the goal  
 Keep each striving soul,  
 Upheld by grace divine Thy grace supplies;  
 While it still is day,  
 May we win our way  
 Towards the mark, and our high calling's prize. AMEN.



## No. 72.

## Wave, Wave the Banner.

The musical score is written for piano and organ. It consists of four systems of staves. The first system begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The second system includes a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. The third system features piano (*p*), forte (*f*), and fortissimo (*ff*) dynamics, with an organ part marked 'Org.' starting in the second measure of the system. The fourth system concludes with the instruction 'A - MEN.' in the right hand.

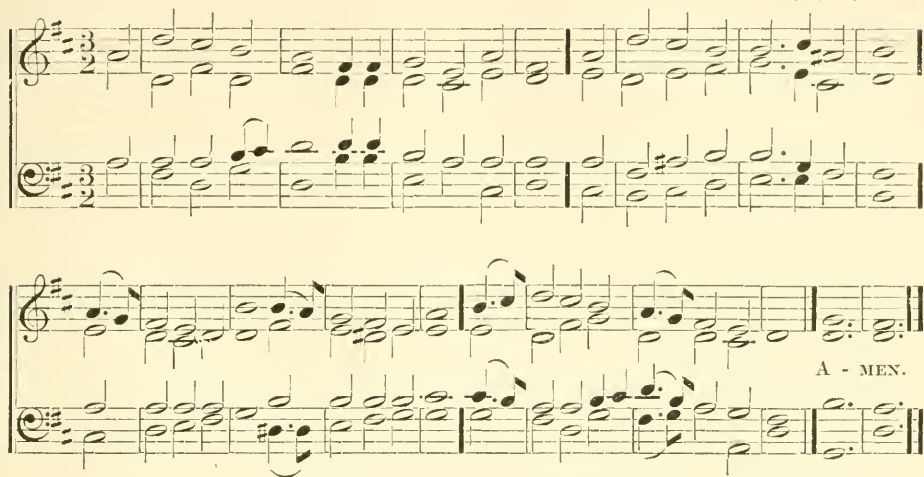
1 Wave, wave the banner,  
 Raise the Cross on high,  
 Sing of Jesu's glory,  
 Of Christ who deigned to die!  
 On, on, ye wanderers,  
 Homeward wend your way,  
 Dark may be the evening,  
 But brighter far the day!  
 Wave, wave, etc.

2 Wave, wave the banner,  
 See! a cross is nigh,  
 Jesu on it hangeth,  
 Lifted up on high.  
 Rest, rest, ye pilgrims,

Rest beneath the Tree,  
 Hark! He gently calleth,  
 Sinners, come to me.  
 Wave, wave, etc.

3 Shout, shout, ye victors,  
 Ye whose fight is done,  
 Ye whose toil is over,  
 Whose crown of life is won.  
 On, on, ye wanderers,  
 Homeward wend your way,  
 Dark may be the evening,  
 But brighter far the day.  
 Wave, wave, etc. AMEN.

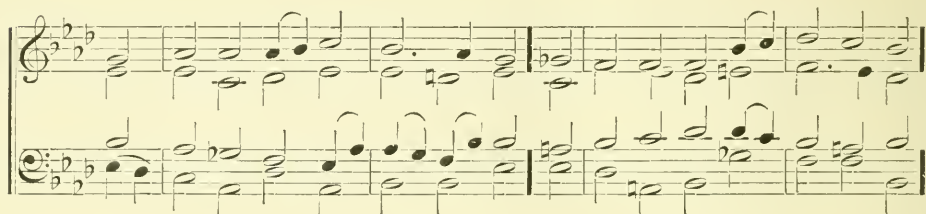




- 1 Be joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth,  
Serve Him with gladness and fear;  
Exult in His presence with music and mirth,  
With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,  
Creator and ruler o'er all;  
And we are His people, His sceptre we own;  
His sheep, and we follow His call.
- 3 O enter His gates with thanksgiving and song,  
Your vows in His temple proclaim,  
His praise with melodious accordance prolong,  
And bless His adorable name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,  
And we are the work of His hand,  
His mercy and truth from eternity stood;  
And shall to eternity stand.

# No. 74. O Love, Who Formedst Me to Wear.

8, 8, 8, 8, 8.



- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O Love, Who formedst me to wear<br/>The image of Thy Godhead here;<br/>Who soughtest me with tenderest care<br/>Through all my wanderings wild and<br/>O Love, I give myself to Thee, [dear;<br/>Thine ever, only Thine to be.</p>       | <p>3 O Love, Who lovest me for aye,<br/>Who for my soul dost ever plead;<br/>O Love, Who didst that ransom pay<br/>Whose power sufficeth in my stead;<br/>O Love, I give myself to Thee,<br/>Thine ever, only Thine to be.</p>               |
| <p>2 O Love, Who once in time wast slain,<br/>Pierced thro' and thro' with bitter woe,<br/>O Love, Who wrestling thus didst gain<br/>That we eternal joy might know;<br/>O Love, I give myself to Thee,<br/>Thine ever, only Thine to be.</p> | <p>4 O Love, Who once shalt bid me rise<br/>From out this dying life of ours;<br/>O Love, Who once o'er yonder skies<br/>Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers;<br/>O Love, I give myself to Thee,<br/>Thine ever, only Thine to be. AMEN.</p> |

# No. 75. In the Pleasant Sunny Meadows.

3, 7, 8, 7.



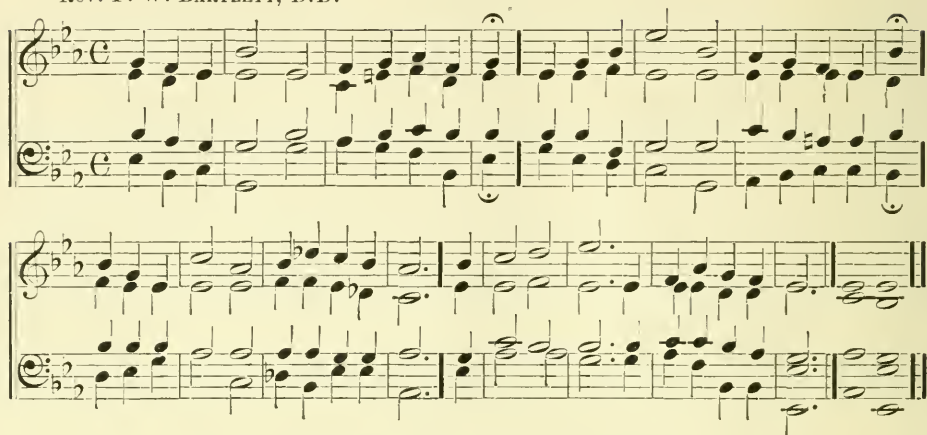
- 1 In the pleasant sunny meadows  
Where the buttercups are seen,  
And the daisies' little shadows  
Lie along the level green,
- 2 Flocks of quiet sheep are feeding,  
Little lambs are playing near;  
For the watchful Shepherd, leading,  
Keeps them safe from harm and fear.
- 3 Christians are like sheep, abiding  
In the Church's pasture free:  
Jesus is our Shepherd, guiding,  
And the little lambs are we.
- 4 O sweet Shepherd, gently lead us,  
Lest we fall or go astray;  
With the bread of heaven feed us,  
That we faint not by the way.
- 5 Pasture green and clover blossom  
Are the types of heavenly love:  
Jesus, bear us in Thy bosom,  
Safely to Thy fold above.

# No. 76. American Missionary Hymn.

Words by

Tune, PORTH.

Rev. F. W. BARTLETT, D.D.



- 1 O God Supreme, Who dost the world sustain,  
Who madest all, and nought hast made in vain,  
Who holdest all the nations in Thy hand,  
In Thee we trust, and pray Thee, bless our land.
- 2 From eastern dawn has beamed the Gospel light,  
To cheer, illumine, and endue with might;  
Still more and more its gracious realm extend,  
While glad hosannas to Thy throne ascend.
- 3 O Sun of Righteousness, Thy healing give,  
That all the earth may look to Thee and live;  
That all the peoples, gathered here, may know  
The health and peace that from Thy presence flow.
- 4 Not many tongues acquire one language here,  
To tell Thy glory, and promote Thy fear;  
Thy Spirit's voice be in the message heard,  
And every heart receive the living Word.
- 5 Grant us the fruitage of the heavenly birth,  
Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth;  
O'er mighty river, and from sea to sea,  
Let all be one in loyalty to Thee. AMEN.

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THE  
VERSICLES AND RESPONSES

OF  
MORNING AND EVENING PRAYER

ARRANGED FOR USE IN  
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, BALTIMORE

BY  
J. S. B. H.

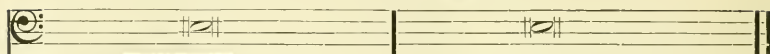
CHIEFLY AFTER THE USE OF  
BRISTOL CATHEDRAL

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# The Versicles and Responses.

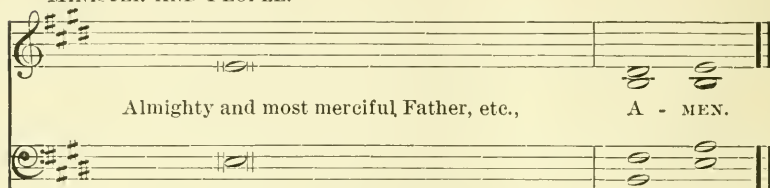
*(Sentences and Exhortation, said by the Minister.)*



When the wicked man, etc.

Dearly beloved Brethren, etc.

MINISTER AND PEOPLE.

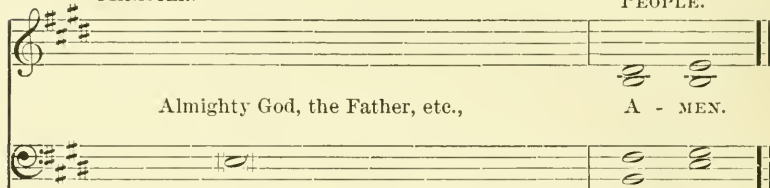


Almighty and most merciful Father, etc.,

A - MEN.

MINISTER.

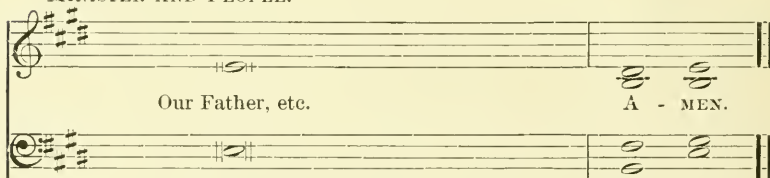
PEOPLE.



Almighty God, the Father, etc.,

A - MEN.

MINISTER AND PEOPLE.

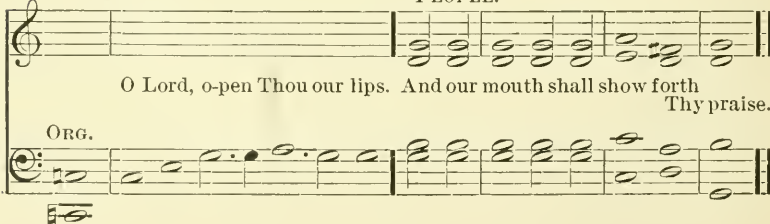


Our Father, etc.

A - MEN.

MINISTER.

PEOPLE.



O Lord, o-pen Thou our lips. And our mouth shall show forth  
Thy praise.

ORG.

THE VERSICLES AND RESPONSES.

MINISTER. PEOPLE.

Glory be, etc. As it was . . . shall be; world without end. A-MEN.

MINISTER. PEOPLE.

Praise ye the Lord. The Lord's name be prais - ed.

MINISTER AND PEOPLE. PEOPLE.

I believe in God, etc., A-MEN. The Lord be with you, And with thy spir - it.

MINISTER. PEOPLE.

Let us pray: O Lord, show Thy mercy up - on us, And grant us Thy sal - va - tion.

AT EVENING PRAYER ONLY.  
MINISTER. PEOPLE.

O Lord save the State. And mercifully hear us, when we call up - on Thee.

MINISTER. PEOPLE.

Endue Thy Minis - ters with righteousness, And make Thy chosen peo - ple joy - ful.

THE VERSICLES AND RESPONSES.

MINISTER. PEOPLE.

O Lord save Thy peo - ple. And bless Thine in - her - i - tance.

MINISTER.

Give peace in our time, O Lord.

PEOPLE. *slow.*  $\text{< >}$  *p*

For it is Thou, Lord, only, that makest us dwell in safe - ty.

MINISTER.

O God, make clean our hearts with - in us.

PEOPLE. *p* *rit.*

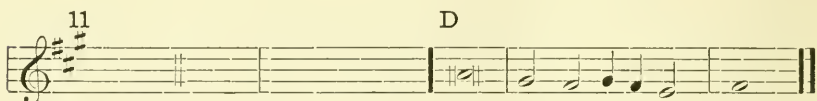
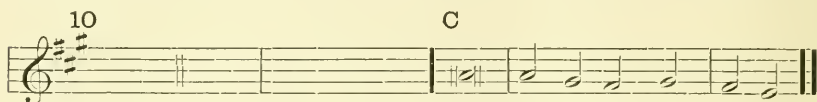
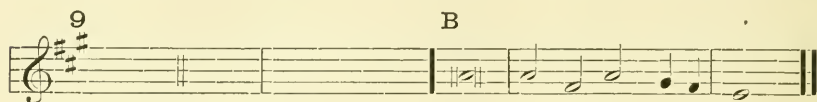
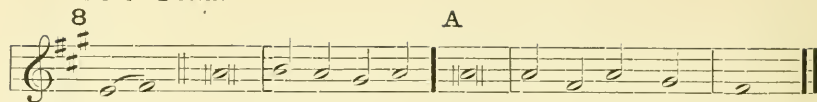
And take not Thy Holy Spir - it from us.

MINISTER. PEOPLE.

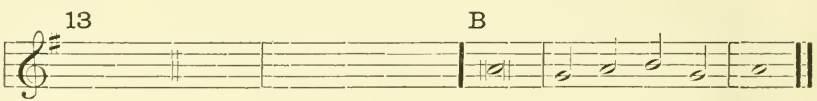
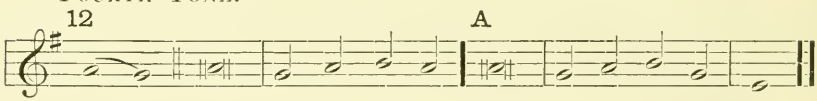
(The Collects, etc.) A - MEN.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Rose Tree' is shown. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written on a single staff. The first measure is marked with a '1' above it. The second measure is marked with an 'A' above it. The notation includes eighth and quarter notes, and a double bar line at the end of the system.

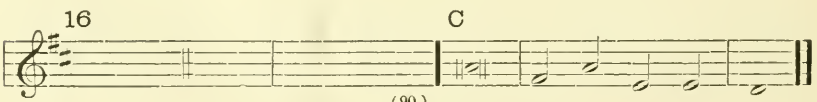
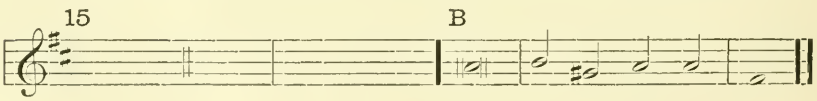
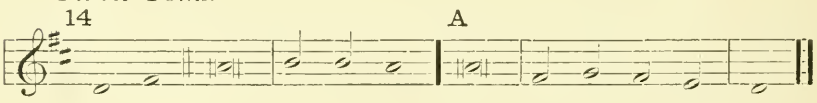
THIRD TONE.



FOURTH TONE.



FIFTH TONE.



### SIXTH TONE.

17

A

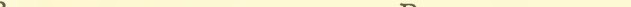
The first system of the musical score for 'The Bird Song' is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. A section marked 'A' begins with a double bar line and a repeat sign, featuring a half note and quarter notes.

SEVENTH TONE.

20 A

The second system of the musical score, starting at measure 20. It continues in 2/4 time with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. A repeat sign is placed at the end of the system, with a first ending bracket over the final two measures (measures 23 and 24) and a second ending bracket over the final measure (measure 24). The first ending leads back to the beginning of the piece.

23 D

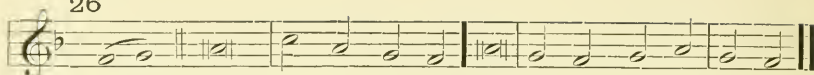


## EIGHTH TONE.

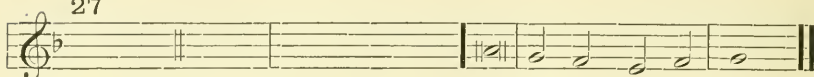
The first system of the musical score is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody starts on a whole note G4, followed by a half note A4, and then a quarter note B4. A double bar line with repeat dots follows. The second measure contains a half note G4 and a half note F#4. Another double bar line with repeat dots follows. The third measure contains a half note E4 and a half note D4. A final double bar line with repeat dots ends the system. Above the first measure is the number '24', and above the third measure is the letter 'A'.

VARIATIONS.

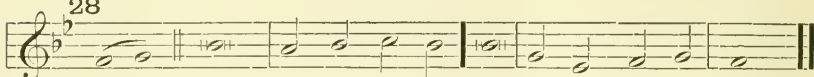
26



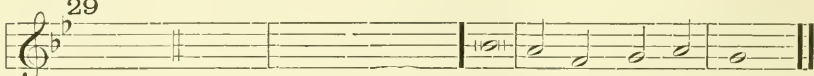
27



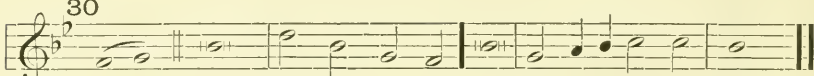
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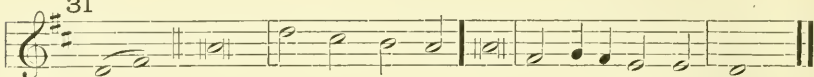
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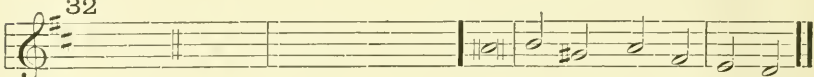
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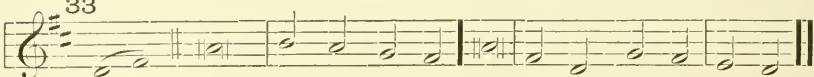
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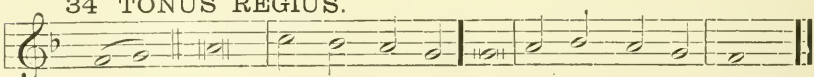
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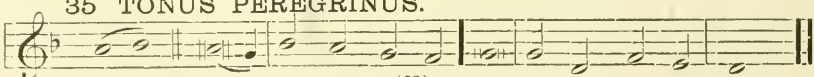
33



34 TONUS REGIUS.



35 TONUS PEREGRINUS.





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